



THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



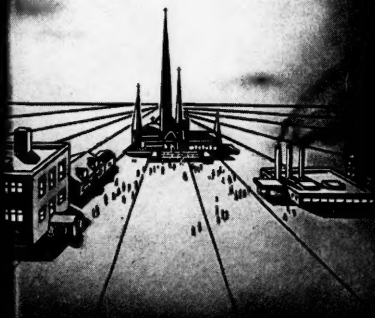
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Amongst Ourselves

The year 1950 is gone. It was a notable year. It was a Holy Year, marked by the trek of tens of thousands to Rome, the capitol of Christendom, where they personally offered their obedience and love to Pope Pius XII as the vicar of Christ on earth. . . It was the year in which the long awaited infallible declaration of the dogma of the assumption of Mary into heaven was made to the world. Perhaps the world wide intensification of devotion to Mary that is following on this great event will bring the blessings of peace, even though every political scientist is prophesying inevitable and imminent war . . . It was the year in which a modern martyr of purity, St. Maria Goretti, was canonized, as timely a reaffirmation of the glory of chastity as the world has ever witnessed. . . It was the year in which St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose family name has christened *The Liguorian*, was declared the universal patron of confessors and moral theologians, an honor that has brought special delight to the editors of *The Liguorian* who have always looked to him for inspiration and guidance in all that they write. The last year of the first half of the 20th Century has left profound marks on the world, that should characterize the whole second half of the century.

And so to 1951. *The Liguorian* wishes a Happy New Year to all its old and new readers. The wish is accompanied by special gratitude toward the hundreds of old readers who brought new readers into the circle of *The Liguorian* by ordering it as a Christmas gift for friends. From experience we know that many of these new readers will be old friends before long.

The Liguorian makes its own rededication to ideals with the beginning of 1951. Its ideals are "freedom, democracy, justice, religion, and all that brings happiness to human beings." Its freedom from commercial interest and the profit motive is proved by the fact that if the 13 men who constitute its editorial and managerial staff, all of them men with post-graduate training and wide experience among people, were to take even a small salary, *The Liguorian* simply could not be published at all. On top of that, it rejects the notable income it could realize by accepting commercial advertising for its pages. It thus guarantees its own freedom from entanglement with material motives, and is content to be dependent on its readers for progress and growth. Every prompt renewal of a subscription, and every gift of *The Liguorian* to another, is an act of confidence in and cooperation with the cause it serves.

The Liguorian

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Bethlehem In Our Basement

This story, with the rearrangement of a few details, is a true story.

R. T. McKee

WHEN WE got married, we were given a gold framed, ornately printed parchment which announced that Christ was the Head of our home. I hung it on the wall across from the front door for all to see, but I never seemed to see it myself. Then one day, as I was pacing up and down waiting for my wife to get ready to go out, I noticed that beautifully printed message. In my new-found joy of marriage I had proudly felt that I was the head of my household, the lord of all that I surveyed. However, I had put up a sign on the first day we entered our home, abdicating my right.

As we drove away from the house that day, I talked to Mary about my discovery, and asked her what it should mean to us. Of course, her reply was: "The first thing it means, is that you should quit bossing me around!" Naturally I did not agree to that, for I felt that I still retained my place as assistant boss. We did decide that always in our home, the chair at the head of the table would be left empty, as being Christ's chair, as the Head of our household. The only one who would sit there would be Christ's representative, His priest. Then one day there came another to fill that chair at the head of the table.

It was Christmas Day. We had been to Mass and Holy Communion together, and pulled the children home on a sled through the snow. After breakfast and the opening of presents, we sat before the large crib we had erected in our living room and told the children the story of Christmas. Long before we had married, Mary and I had decided that

our home would never have a Christmas tree with its bright tinsel and bulbs, but no meaning. We would have as big a crib as our living room would hold. We wanted our children to know the real meaning of Christmas, not the interpretation of the department stores.

It was a dark day with the snow falling softly outside. Inside it was warm and comfortable. As we sat together on the sofa, looking at the crib, I told them the familiar story of God's own Son being given to us on that first Christmas Day. I took my time and filled in the gaps in the Gospel narrative. It was pleasant, with my own little family gathered around me, to tell them about the Holy Family.

Little Mary Agnes, the oldest of our three precious darlings, asked me why the inn-keeper did not give shelter to Mary and Joseph. "Didn't he like children? If they were to come to our house, I would certainly find room for them. I think he was a bad man to turn them away like that. Daddy, do you think the Holy Family would ever come to our house and ask us for a place to stay? They could have our room and we could sleep here on the sofa."

With the jangling of the telephone, the spell was broken around our crib, and Mary went to answer the Christmas wishes of her sister. Little Mary was allowed to take the Infant Jesus from the crib and care for Him as her own. She appointed Joey to take the role of his namesake, but he was not too interested. The various animals around the crib had caught his fancy. Our baby, Gabriel, named after the Archangel, de-

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cided to celebrate the occasion by banging an old tablespoon up and down on a small drum bought to take the place of a necessary saucepan.

We were not following tradition when we sat down to a Christmas dinner of roast beef instead of turkey, but we were all as happy as a family could be at Christmas. As I was carving the roast, there was a knock at the back door. I reluctantly turned away from the table and went to answer it. At the door I found a seedy, unshaven young man about twenty-five dressed in a disheveled old overcoat. He was twisting his hat in his hand as he said: "Sir, could you give a poor man a bite to eat on Christmas?"

Little Mary had followed me to the door and she tugged at my trousers and said: "Daddy, this is just like St. Joseph looking for a place to stay, as you told us about this morning."

I invited the man in, and my first impulse was to give him a place at the kitchen table, but I thought of the empty chair at the head of our dining room table, reserved for Christ, the Head of our home. Here surely was a representative of Christ.

After a generous application of soap and water, the man looked a bit more presentable, and we sat down together after asking God to bless our meal. The poor man was no prince in disguise. He was just a hungry hobo of seemingly low intelligence and not too talkative. He did not have any natural qualities to endear him to us, but came at a most prophetic time when we most appreciated him as taking the place of Christ. We tried to interest him in conversation, but found that discouraging. We piled food before him until the poor man could eat no more.

The children were enthralled at the presence of this mysterious stranger who came knocking at our door on

Christmas Day. Little Mary asked him: "Would you like to sleep here? We would not turn you away as the innkeeper turned St. Joseph away. We would find room for you."

The man declined her invitation, saying that he had somewhere to sleep. After dinner he also declined our invitation to sit and rest and smoke a while. As he was leaving, I gave him five dollars, and watched him as he trudged away through the snow, his footsteps at first sharply outlined in the snow and then gently, slowly filling in, and finally obliterating the evidence that Christ had come to us on Christmas Day.

I guess the story should end here, or go on with the children's excited inquiries about our guest, but the sequel to our story was very important for us.

I don't know whether our friend spread the word, but more gentlemen of the road began knocking at our door. They always got a meal, and not on the back porch or at the kitchen table. We had learned what Christ's chair at the head of the table was for. Mary always took them into the dining room and sat them at the head of the table. With the single-mindedness of a child, little Mary always asked each one if he had a place to stay. She was still thinking of St. Joseph being turned away. None of our hungry friends declared a need for a place to stay, until one day an old man came in. He was feeble and tottering. Mary at first thought it was from drink, but her mother's instinct told her that the man was sick. He barely ate the soup she placed before him, and refused any solid food. She did not want to send him out into the cold again, but really we did not have a room in our house to keep him. But Mary thought of the folding bed stored in our dry, whitewashed basement. It was warm as toast down there near the gas

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furnace. The bed would be comfortable.

She quickly prepared the bed, and led the old man slowly down the stairs. He sat down exhausted on the side of the bed. She knelt and took off his shoes, but he had no socks. She gently took off his outer clothes and tucked him into bed as she would one of her own children. The man was quiet during all this, but as she patted his pillow and asked him if he were comfortable, he opened his eyes and said simply: "God bless you, lady."

She left him to sleep and regain his strength while she finished her housework. She looked at him before she began to get supper, and in the dim light of the basement he looked quiet and peaceful.

When I came home from work, I found Mary all aglow with excitement, and ready to tell me all about our guest. At first I was a bit perturbed about a stranger sleeping in our cellar, but she had an answer for each of my objections. I was worried about disease, but she assured me that she would boil his bedclothes as she did all the dishes of our visitors. I suggested that we call the doctor, if the man was sick, and she agreed, but asked me to talk to him first.

I flashed the light on over his bed when I went down to meet our guest. He did not need a doctor. He was quiet and peaceful, with no more earthly needs. His last words had been: "God bless you, lady."

I won't bore you with the details of the following hours. It was all new to us, but there was a certain peace in our house that came from the prayer of that dying old man: "God bless you!"

Since then there have been many guests in our house. I installed a shower in the basement for them, and our friends gave us all their old clothes to-

gether with a protest that we were being imprudent. One of my friends, a husky man, was remonstrating with my wife one evening, telling her how dangerous it was to let those derelicts in. Quick as a flash she grabbed his arm, twisted him around, grabbed him by the neck and began choking him. As she applied pressure, she said: "Would you like to get rough?" I think the demonstration convinced him.

It is not easy to welcome these strangers and wait on them. It would be much more convenient for us to give them sandwiches and send them on their way. I know the landlord would not like the unpaying tenants in his basement, and the neighbors have complained about the company we keep. That is not much of a deterrent, however. The big obstacle we had to conquer, was the idea and feeling of "Why should we disrupt our family routine, sacrifice our comfort to serve these men who obviously were not doing much to better their own condition? They were bums, and why should they sponge off us? Mary and I conquered this feeling by talking it over constantly with each other. We reminded each other over and over that each one represented Christ. Often, when she would tell me about a guest she had for lunch, I would say: "I wonder what our reward from Christ is going to be? He promised to reward even a cup of cold water given in His name."

In the years that we have had men of the road and rail sitting in Christ's place at the head of our table and sleeping in the corner of our basement that we call Bethlehem, we have never had the least trouble with our guests. For the most part they are old men, and my wife always talks to them about God and preparing for a good death. Most of them have no religion. I don't know how much good we do for their souls, but they certainly do a lot for our souls.

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For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Continence for the Married

Problem: As a reader of *The Liguorian*, I cannot agree with some of the things you say. You have a great deal to say about the evil of contraception, but seldom mention the importance of chastity for the married. Birth control propagandists say that the Catholic Church is out for quantity in children, not for quality. This is a travesty of the Catholic position. The Church asserts the right of the married to have children, but this right must be subordinated to right reason and the general welfare of all concerned and of society at large. You tell one of your correspondents that she must not think of contraception, and yet you do not say a word about chastity, or the necessity for married people to give up the use of their rights at times.

Solution: It is implied in every statement concerning the evil of contraception, and has been directly stated in this column, that there are times in the lives of married people when they must practice continence, i. e., abstain from using the privileges of marriage. Such are cases in which the wife is seriously ill, or in which it is certain that pregnancy would result in grave harm. It has also been said frequently that husbands and wives may mutually agree to refrain from the use of their rights for short or long periods of time, for spiritual reasons or even for economic and other personal reasons. The warning has usually been added that those who do this must make use of extra means of grace to remain pure.

While continence is sometimes necessary for the married, and while it may be recommended for good motives even when not necessary, there are valid reasons for not urging it universally on all. One reason is that it requires a perfectly mutual agreement between husband and wife. No wife may decide (nor may a husband) for herself that she will give up the use of the marriage privilege for some holy motive or merely because she thinks it wise. To do so would be a serious sin against her marriage contract. Even in the case where she thinks she has a solid, objective reason, this should be submitted to a confessor's judgment.

While it's true that right reason and the common good must be considered in the begetting of children, it is also true that Christian husbands and wives are entitled to an unshakable confidence in God, so that, if they choose freely to use their rights, they may count on God's providence to help them care for all the children He may send them. This confidence is especially needed by wives who think that they and they alone should decide how many children they should have. When they married, they made a vow never to decide this alone, and to give in to a partner who decides against their own view.

Shining Example

This is how some children get their start in life. Later their parents wonder why their children turned out to be delinquents.

L. G. Miller

ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK on New Year's day a small boy, aged about nine years, sat on the front steps of his home in one of the more respectable sections of the city of New York. Beside him on the steps sat his friend, a lad of about the same age. They were engaged in an animated conversation. Following is a transcript of what they said, the conversation being opened by the friend.

Hi, Billy.

Hi.

You going away today?

Naw.

Why not?

My dad and mother are still in bed.

Still in bed! What's the matter?

They sick?

Naw. They had a New Year's party last night.

That's right. I heard about that.

It was some party.

It was?

My mother looks awful this morning.

Did you see her?

Sure. She got up and got some breakfast for me. Then she went back to bed.

She looks pretty bad, eh?

Like a wreck.

How about your dad?

I didn't see him, but I bet he looks even worse.

Did they leave you stay up for the party?

Naw. I had to go to bed.

That's heck.

Sure is. I couldn't sleep anyway, everybody was making so much noise.

I woke up too around midnight. What

a racket!

There was so much noise at our house I got up and put on my clothes.

You did?

Then I sneaked downstairs.

Gee! Didn't they see you?

Naw. I peeked around the corner of the staircase. They were sure having a good time.

Doin' what?

Oh, drinking and dancing and talking and all that. You should have seen my dad!

Why?

He had a funny hat on his head and he was talking real loud. I think he was drunk.

How do you know?

Oh, I've seen him that way before. He really acts up.

Gee. I've never seen my dad like that.

My dad drinks an awful lot. I bet he drinks more than anybody else in this whole block.

Gosh!

You should see the empty bottles lying around the house this morning.

Lots of them?

I bet there was ten of them. There was nobody around, so I went and hid some of the bottles.

What for?

So we can play a game some time.

What kind of a game?

We'll make believe we're having a New Year's party, that's what.

Good! Let's do it right now.

No. I dassen't make any noise now, or my mother will whale me.

What was your mother doing last

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night?

Well, that's one thing I didn't like.

What?

When I came downstairs and peeked around the corner, the radio was going full blast, and she was dancing with some man I never saw before. They were dancing real close to each other.

They were?

Yes. And once when they came close to where I was, I heard them talking real mushy.

Gee whiz. Your mother did that?

Yes, and I didn't like it.

I wouldn't like it either.

I don't think she ought to act like that.

Neither do I. Was your mother drinking too?

She sure was. I saw her take a big glass of whiskey. After she drank it, she made an awful face.

Why?

She didn't like it, I guess.

Why did she drink it, then?

Search me. You know how funny grownups act sometimes.

Yes, I guess I do. What happened after that?

Well, I was afraid someone would see me, so I snuck back upstairs.

Did you go to bed?

I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Not with all that noise. They had the radio playing so loud it was enough to tear down the house.

Did you see anything else?

Well, about an hour later all the people went home. I looked out the window

of my bedroom and saw something real funny.

What was that?

One man was so drunk he fell down the front steps.

He did?

Yup. Then he got on his hands and knees and began to bark like a dog.

What for?

Search me. He was drunk, see?

Gee, what a party!

Know what I did this morning?

No, what?

You won't tell anybody, will you?

Nope.

Cross your heart and hope to die?

Cross my heart and hope to die.

I found some whiskey in a bottle in our dining room and I took a big drink.

Gee! How did it taste?

It tasted like medicine.

It did?

Yup. But I drank it right down. Some day I'll be able to drink just as much as my dad.

Bet you won't.

Bet I will.

Did you go to Mass this morning?

Naw.

Why not?

Nobody to take me.

You could have gone with us.

Naw. If my dad and mother don't go, I guess I don't have to go either.

Well, I got to go home for dinner now. See you tomorrow, eh?

Okay. Tomorrow we'll pretend it's New Year's and act real drunk.

Okay. Be seeing you.

Formula

This is success:

To be able to carry money without spending it;

To be able to bear an injustice without retaliating;

To be able to do one's duty even when one is not watched;

To be able to keep on the job until it is finished;

To be able to accept criticism without letting it whip you.

Parish Mission in the Jungle

The account of this parish mission in Brazil was described to the writer by the Reverend Norman Muckermann, C.Ss.R., one of the missionaries.

D. J. Corrigan

MOST AMERICAN Catholics, if they have not actually made a parish mission, are at least familiar with its intent and routine. They know it to be a week of intense prayer, instruction and reflection — and undoubtedly many of the faithful attribute their return to the sacraments and grace or their increased fervor in active Catholic life to the earnest words of some missionary who came to their parish.

Redemptorist parish missions in the United States follow, with minor exceptions, the traditional method and content outlined by St. Alphonsus more than two hundred years ago. The saint founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer to do apostolic work especially for most abandoned souls. In his day these were to be found mostly in the hills and rural districts of Italy; in our country at the present time they are just as likely to be in our large industrial centers.

It was the aim of St. Alphonsus to follow largely the method used by the Redeemer Himself, who did not compromise in preaching the eternal truths. That is why the subjects of salvation, death, mortal sin, judgment with heaven and hell, the mercy of God, the duties of one's state in life and the precepts of the Church hold such a prominent place in every Redemptorist mission. Out of his deep personal devotion the saint also left instructions that no mission ever be given without a fervent evening sermon on the glories and

power of the Blessed Virgin.

In a parish of at least moderate size, usually two missionaries arrive to conduct the exercises. Such missions as a rule last two weeks, and always the first week is for the women, on the well founded theory that the more devout sex will talk their men folk into crowding the church for the second week. Of course, circumstances can change this procedure: in very small parishes, frequently one priest conducts a one week mission, while in extremely large parishes four or six missionaries labor for at least four weeks, during which the single young men and women each have their mission. In all missions the children, too, have their talks and services, but these are usually during school hours.

In other countries Redemptorist parish missions have to be adapted to the necessities of the people and the locality. But always it is a change in accidentals — not in the essential purpose and conduct of the mission. It is interesting, for example, to see how our American Redemptorists give a mission in the jungle settlements of Brazil.

Between the cities of Igarepu-Acu and Capanema, State of Para, northeast along the sea coast from Belem, there sat three young Redemptorists in a railroad coach. Although their destination was only a few miles away, the coughing engine took five and one-half hours for the trip. There were numerous stops,

apparently for repairs, along the way, and when in motion the old locomotive would have been left far behind by most modern street cars in other countries. Although the railroad bore the imposing title of *Estrado de Ferro de Braganca*, it was powered by an old Baldwin, vintage 1890 — a type to be seen only in the museums of the U.S.A. As the padres sat by the open windows, from time to time they had to extinguish incipient fires in their white habits, enkindled by the flying sparks of the spouting chimney up ahead.

The young priests, Fathers Bill Murphy of Omaha, John Kreuzer of Spokane and Norm Muckermann of St. Louis, are part of a mission band of more than thirty Redemptorists laboring in the jungle wilds along the Amazon. For over seven years these dauntless missionaries had sweated and braved all manner of tropical disease to rekindle the light of faith in the hearts of thousands of nominal Catholics who for generations had been abandoned along the bays and tributaries of the mighty Amazon river. They had doffed their habits and built churches, mission stations, schools, dispensaries, monasteries and finally a seminary, in between serving the spiritual needs of their immense flock scattered around five religious foundations and dozens of smaller chapels. And all this in a foreign language — the Portuguese — and in a wilderness that the sea coast Brazilians had labeled a territory too hot and humid for white people to live in — a "green hell."

Now, after seven years of spade work, instead of sitting on their haunches and surveying the wonders accomplished, these three young priests had welcomed a chance to do a work characteristic of the Redemptorist Congregation — to give parish missions. The year before they had spent a few weeks with a

couple of native Redemptorist missionaries of Rio de Janeiro of the South, to learn the best manner of conducting a mission for the emotional, often uninstructed people of central Brazil. On the train they were still moving slowly, a bit exhausted from four strenuous missions in a row, towards the last and largest settlement, with its steady population of 8,000 and many more from the surrounding jungle area.

In Brazil, a mission is not divided into one or two weeks, but it lasts twelve days. In a land where whole families have to travel miles by boat or on foot to make the exercises, it would be very impractical to give a mission first for the women, then for the men. So the five missions lasted some sixty days, and one can imagine the exertion demanded of the missionaries in the confessional and otherwise, when it is learned that there were more than 35,000 Holy Communions received, about 16,000 confessions heard, 380 marriages rectified, and 6,101 people confirmed. (In Brazil the missionaries are empowered to confirm, as it is impossible for the bishop to reach all settlements to administer this.) This is all the more remarkable when we realize that so many of these thousands have to be instructed completely in the confessional — the fact being that very many had never had the opportunity to receive absolution before!

As the missionaries, all hot and humid, alighted from their rather painful train journey at six P. M., they found a large crowd gathered around the station at Capanema to greet them. After a display of fire-works, the mayor gave a speech, then the pastor, and finally the children sang. Next all escorted the Redemptorists to the church where, after a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, it was announced that the mission would begin promptly at 7:30. At this hour a fair crowd, according to Brazilian stand-

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ards, was grouped outside the church, for these edifices are too small for any extraordinary service and in consequence, even the morning Masses of the mission, the weather permitting, were offered under the skies. But the mission was really to begin the following evening.

Although a mission serves the needs of all in a parish, it is predominantly for sinners. In Brazil, as elsewhere, the problem is to get these to come to church, and for this in Latin countries the procession is an effective device. So the next evening the service began early, and the faithful arrived in their Sunday best, prepared with pictures and banners, candles and fire-crackers. As the procession, with a large picture of our Lady of Perpetual Help at its head, moved slowly through the streets, the lively air of the hymns and the periodic *ferverinos* (short talks) attracted the lazy, the curious and the hardened, as candy does flies. By the time the march had come back to the church, a vast number of citizens were massed in the square, where the preacher of the evening could address them.

The average Brazilian would probably be bored with the normal sermon in the United States. Simple plain reasoning does not appeal to him, and neither does an occasional gesture or two. What he demands is a lot of fast talking and action, until he is stirred out of his apathy to agree out loud with the priest. The American padres quickly learned from their Brazilian confreres that the secret of a successful mission was the simple presentation of the eternal truths to the people, but in such a way as to arouse them by threats, appeals and questions, to a state of intense fervor. When that was accomplished, even the men would go to confession.

Besides the procession, other externals that help are put to use.

Thus when the mission cross was erected, all had to come forward to kiss it. During the sermon on the Poor Souls, the entire congregation broke out in audible tears, especially when all stepped forward in turn to sprinkle holy water on the catafalque. Time is not at a premium in Brazil, and the people apparently thought nothing of standing for an hour or half or two during the prayers and sermons, for only at Benediction did they kneel on the bare ground. For the present the mission was the main event for the town and jungle, and very few wished to miss it.

One of the missionaries described his impressions in preaching: "There would be three or four thousand or more people standing around, and no loud speaker to help. Towards the end of this mission tour my stomach muscles were sore from shouting. One has to talk much faster and longer in a Brazilian mission, and therefore it is much more exhausting. Besides, there is competition from the dogs and small children, who constantly run around and don't keep quiet, unless they fall asleep. But the main body of people were very attentive, and when they begin to agree with you out loud, you know then that you have moved them."

Their mission plan followed the same outline as is used here in the United States. There were Masses in the morning with a short instruction, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon. Then in the evening services through the twelve days the main topics treated were: salvation, mortal sin, death, judgment, heaven and hell, the Blessed Virgin, the mercy of God, the duties of one's state, the duties of parents towards their children, prayer, the avoidance of occasions of sin, and perseverance. Constantly confessions were heard, with the women coming during the day and the men at night.

As a rule during the mission the Fathers were quartered either in a house or an abandoned building requisitioned for them. Hammocks with mosquito netting served for beds, and toilet articles they brought along. Frequently their nocturnal companions would be large size rats and numerous bats — in one place they encountered more than 150 of the latter. The people have a great respect for the missionaries and would bring them the best they had to offer in food: in addition to the staple dried fish, beans and rice, most often they would come with boiled chicken and eggs.

During one mission, however, they had to pass through a kitchen to go to their living quarters. They found the place littered with filth, with a chicken strutting upon and a pig wallowing below the table, while mangy dogs subsisted upon the garbage scattered about the room. Needless to say, the priests ate very little during the mission, and what they did consume left them with dysentery.

But to get back to the mission at Capanema: it was the last day a Sunday morning, and all was in readiness for the solemn close of the exercises. All day Saturday five priests had heard confessions, with brief intervals out, until two o'clock Sunday morning. Then at an early hour they were up for the morning Masses, as the mid-day heat forbids Mass at the later hours. During this time the Fathers continued to hear confessions until noon. They could not bring themselves to put a time limit on confessions, for many of the families were still coming in after miles of trekking from the jungle: often it was their one and only chance to make their first confession.

"No one can understand," declared one of the priests, "how hard it is to hear confessions down there. For one

thing after days and days of being in the box, we were all tired out. Confessions were heard in church, and the people were always milling about, with babies crying and dogs barking. The heat was terrific and sometimes the odors more so. Then to have one after another come to confession who not only had never been to confession before but had not even been instructed in fundamentals — and to try to prepare such a one, question each one, make sure of the necessary sorrow and purpose of amendment — and all in a foreign language — it seemed almost impossible."

On Sunday morning about 5,500 people appeared to receive Holy Communion. As the parish church contained only two moderate-sized ciboriums, the missionaries were in a dilemma: how to consecrate enough Hosts to give all Holy Communion? But necessity and American ingenuity came to the rescue: the priests simply took large tin biscuit cans, lined them with corporals, and filled them with the wafers.

The padres will never forget one family of seven who started their trek from their jungle home at midnight, stood patiently in line until noon on Sunday to make their confession, and then, still fasting, received their mission Holy Communion.

At mid-afternoon about 9,000 people arrived for the closing sermon and procession. For this there were hymns and prayers, banners and statues, and the inevitable fire-crackers. As the huge procession moved slowly down the streets the melodies and prayers were frequently broken by loud *viva's*. Long live the church, long live the pastor, long live the missionaries, long live our Lord and His blessed Mother! As they passed a small Protestant church, the entire assembly seemed spontaneously to cry out: *Viva Igreja Catolica!* Long live the Catholic Church!

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Once the procession had returned to the church and the final blessings were given, there took place the touching ceremony of saying farewell. One of the missionaries mounted the platform and addressed each group in turn: fathers, mothers, boys and girls. With tears and sobs that were evident everywhere, each group would shout: "Good-bye, padre!" The missionary, addressing the husbands, would say: "You will be

good husbands now and protect your wife and children?" The answer came back from all sides: "I will, padre." Then all came forward to kiss the hands and crucifixes of the missionaries.

A few hours later three tired Redeemptorists relaxed in unaccustomed comfort. The manager of the State owned railroad, the *Estrado de Ferro de Braganca*, had sent his private coach to carry them to Belem and home.

Nun's Courage

Father O'Brien in the *Catholic Miss* tells the story of Sister Simplicia, a French heroine who died in 1877. At her funeral in Paris the church was jammed with people, and hundreds more stood outside, unable to find room.

The attention her passing received was due to the cause and circumstances of her death, which came about in the following manner.

One day the good nun was out for a walk with some charges of hers, five little girls, the oldest of whom was only eight. Suddenly a huge shepherd dog came running at them, and from its foam-flecked mouth, the Sister could tell that it was a mad dog with rabies. Without an instant's hesitation, she sprang between the animal and the children.

"Stay behind me," she cried to the little ones, as she wrestled with the infuriated beast.

The dog pulled her to the ground, but still she clung to him, and desperately trying to choke the animal, she thrust her hand between its jaws and into its throat. Of course, her hand and arm were badly mangled, and she was bitten in other parts of her body as well, sustaining no less than 15 bad gashes.

At length people nearby heard the screams of the children and came to the rescue with sticks and clubs, with which they beat off the dog and killed it.

Sister Simplicia was rushed to the hospital, where she lingered for a while between life and death. When the little girls she had saved came to thank her, she shook her head gently as if what she had done were a very ordinary thing indeed.

When the good Sister died, as we have said, thousands came to pay honor to a heroine.

Hope vs. Suspicion

Perhaps the briefest funeral oration ever delivered was that given by an old Negro preacher over the remains of one of his flock whose life and deeds had been far from perfect.

Looking down upon the coffin, the preacher merely remarked:

"Sam, yo' is gone. We hopes yo' is gone where we suspects yo' haint."

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

On Reluctant Mothers

Problem: I am just over 21, and am engaged to be married to a good Catholic young man. We have been going together for eight months. We would like to be married in a month or so, but my mother begs me with tears to put it off for a couple of years, so that she will have me with her that much longer. She tells me that I owe this to her for all that she has done for me. Can you tell me if I do have any obligation to put off our marriage for two years because of my mother's feelings?

Solution: It could be a grave mistake to put off your marriage for even a year merely because your mother wants your companionship. Common sense and experience lay down very definite principles regarding the length of time young people should wait before marrying, once they have become engaged. There are some cases in which a wait is necessary for serious reasons, such as the actual material dependence of others on the man or woman, or the lack of even a modest income on which to start a home. These exceptions do not change the universal principle that long engagements are to be avoided whenever possible. The longer two people who are in love with each other put off their marriage, the greater is the danger of their falling into sin. To be in love and engaged and yet to have to wait two years or so before marrying places a great strain on young people's ability to resist manifestations of affection that of their nature endanger the virtue of chastity.

Mothers who hate to lose their daughters do not think of these things. But a daughter must think of them and must decide the matter according to the best interests of her soul and the soul of her fiancé. In a situation such as is presented here, a girl would do well to place the decision in the hands of her confessor. He will be able to judge objectively both the reasons for the mother's reluctance to give up her daughter for a while, and the degree of spiritual danger that will be involved for the engaged couple. If he decides that the marriage should not be put off for another year or two, his authority should be quoted to the mother, and should be followed even though the latter bitterly resents it.

The Wine-Taster's Dilemma

Sometimes it requires a chain of many circumstances before a man can make a needed resolution. This is a case in point.

E. F. Miller

MAYBE YOU do not think that John De Lancy's decision was a hard one to make. Maybe you think that any man who even pauses to weigh the relative merits of a beautiful girl and a well-paying job is out of his head. That's because you've never been in a like dilemma yourself. Sure, both philosophy and theology proclaim loudly that a girl is far superior to all the jobs in the world because she is immortal and God's image, and beautiful besides. But philosophy and theology are truth, not a volatile and vacillating man who sometimes clouds the truth with self-deception.

The job that John De Lancy had was not the run-of-the-mill job. He was a wine-taster. Possessing buds in his mouth that could ferret out uncannily the good wines from the bad, the fine wines from the merely good, the old wines from the new, he was seized upon by a firm called Scudder and Warren, Wine Manufacturers, Inc., to use his talent in the interest of discerning tongues. His hours were few, his salary high and his vacations long. And all he had to do was take the merest sip of the various glasses placed before him and voice his opinion. Never did he have a more pleasant job in all his life.

But the more beautiful the rose, the sharper the thorn. And a smile is always most radiant when it is joined with tears. John De Lancy had his troubles. Let him tell you what they were. Then, perhaps, you will not say that his deci-

sion was an easy one to make.

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I was at home alone (my parents were at confession) on the last day of 1950, slumped down in a chair, incapable of constructive thought, as lifeless as a stick of wood and thoroughly discouraged. Nor did the weather aid me in removing the melancholia from my spirit. It was damp and soggy, with snow upon the ground that had fallen a fortnight earlier and which now was growing black with the smoke and effluvia of a large industrial city. There were murky pools of water on all sides, and mud peeking through both snow and water to catch unwary feet. The sky was just as sad and repulsive as that which lay beneath it. Low gray clouds almost touched the ground in a kind of ghoulish eagerness to add their contribution to the gloomy scene. I looked out the window and found no consolation. I was as low as a log. A small carafe of Burgundy, '16, sitting quietly at my side, was the only ray of sunshine in my life.

The night before my girl Nancy had turned me down when I proposed that we get married. Or rather, she had given me an ultimatum. It was this ultimatum that was causing the travail in my soul.

You would have to know Nancy to appreciate the blow her refusal gave me. One hears so much these days about the mercenary and flighty ideas that fill the heads of girls. Deceived by the example

of the worldly-minded as well as by the silly movies and magazine stories they see and read, they labor under the false impression that romance which they call love is the only requirement demanded for the building of a home. Nancy was not like that. She was as true and strong in her convictions as she was pretty in appearance. She would have been a prize for any man to catch, even a president or a king. But she was a prize that I especially wanted to catch, for I loved her with all my heart.

"It isn't that I don't like you, John," she said on the memorable occasion of the night before. "I do. But I'm certainly not going to have a wine-bibber for a husband. You studied architecture in college. There's not a reason in the world why you shouldn't be working at that instead of the silly business you're so attached to. I think I know the reason of your strong attachment too."

I paid no attention to her last remark. "But, Nancy, what's wrong with wine-tasters? You've never given me a satisfactory answer to that question."

"There's nothing wrong with wine-tasters if they don't like wine. Unfortunately you like wine. You smell like a wine barrel right now. And how many times have I not gone out with you when you acted as though you were feeling your way through a fog. I don't like that."

"I've never been drunk in my life," I said with dignity.

"Granted. But you can't say that you've never been close to it. When I get married, I want to be sure that my husband sees only one of me when he comes home at night, not two or three of me. I don't want my home to be a harem even in the imagination of my husband. Oh, John," she pleaded, "why don't you give up that foolish job? It's only when you lose the taste for wine that you'll lose the desire to be drinking

wine all the time. And you'll never lose the taste as long as you keep that job."

I was stubborn. I had come from a long family of wine connoisseurs. My father before me and his father before him. Of course, in France there didn't seem to be the danger of over-indulgence that was so common in America. Either that, or in France there was a greater capacity in man for the product of the grape than there was in America. To most people in the old country, according to the stories handed down to me, wine was almost like water. People did everything but wash in it. And they were never intoxicated.

"Do you realize," I asked, "that all my ancestors were in the same business as I, and that their girl friends and wives were not ashamed of them in consequence?"

"I've told you a hundred times if I told you once that I'm not against wine-tasting as such. I'm only against it insofar as it touches John De Lancy. If you could confine yourself to *tasting* wine, there would be no difficulty. But somehow or other you got away from the tradition of your forefathers. You're not satisfied with merely tasting any longer. You're at the point where you have to supplement your tasting."

What Nancy did not understand was the fact that I had no intention of making a career of wine-tasting. All I wanted to do was amass a bit of money against the day of our marriage. The job brought me well over a hundred dollars a week. What firm of architects would reward me so handsomely for my labors, in view of my recent graduation from college? I could barely read a blueprint, much less draw one. There'd be plenty of time for house designing when I was settled down and didn't have a multitude of bills to distract me in the contemplation of my wife. People would always need houses. I could go

into that any day or year I felt like it.

I had to admit, however, that my desire to make money was not the only reason for my reluctance to abandon Scudder and Warren. I was a man, weak like all men. And wine had become a necessity to me. Nancy was not too far off (though I would not concede her the point) when she said that I was becoming a walking wine barrel or words to that effect. Not only did I taste wine during my working hours, but I drank wine during my leisure hours as well. I had a small bottle for breakfast, another for lunch and a third for supper, and one or two in between. I was beginning to forget that water was for slaking the thirst too. While I was forced to insist for the sake of the record, as I insisted to Nancy, that never had I fallen into a drunken stupor, still there were times when I allowed myself a glow. I defended this glow on the score of necessity.

For several months past I'd been suffering from stomach pains. A glass of wine, I discovered, was the best specific for the troubled organ. It was a medicine, a tonic that prevented me from doubling up in cramps. Where could I more easily and more cheaply keep pace with so expensive a prescription than in the job that happily I possessed? All my wine came free, not only that which I tasted in the line of duty, but also that which I enjoyed in moments not allotted to my work. If I were forced to pay for the wine that I consumed, then I would have no difficulty in agreeing with Nancy that all wine should be given up. But getting it free made abstention folly.

This argument defending my *need* for a drop or two of spirits did not mean that I was not worried about my propensity to keep my system soaked in these same spirits. I made a thousand resolutions to be temperate. Each one

lasted for at least a while. Then I fell back into my old habits. It was as if a devil were pursuing me. I was between two fires, my health and my habit, and now a third one, my girl. What was I to do? I slumped down deeper in my chair and groaned. The new year was not going to be a time of high resolution and the beginning of noble endeavor for me. I knew my limitations. I remembered too well my failures in the past. There was the time when Nancy became so angry at me and I was so disgusted with myself that I called on my parish priest to see if he could help me.

"There's not a habit in the world that a man can't overcome if he really wants to," said the priest. He was the rugged, Spartan type who most likely drove an open car in below zero weather with no gloves on his hands, and chopped down trees all day without getting tired. It looked as though he wasn't going to expend too much time on me.

"I know that, Father," I answered. "But I have odds against me. As long as the desire for wine clings to my palate, I can't seem to muster up enough courage to stay away from it when I shouldn't be taking it. And I can't kill the desire as long as I keep my job." I told him about my job.

"I should imagine," he responded, "that if your job is ruining your life, you ought to get rid of the job. There's no disgrace in digging ditches as far as I can see."

"I don't have to dig ditches to earn a living," I said with some asperity. "I'm an architect by education and could work at that profession any time I wanted. In the future I shall. But at the present moment I have to remain with what I'm doing. It's a matter of necessity. It's a matter of health and a matter of money." Briefly I recounted my apologia as I had given it to Nancy,

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and as innumerable times I had given it to myself.

The priest was dubious. I don't think he appreciated my plight. He was all muscle himself and couldn't conceive of a man who wasn't all muscle too, both physical and mental. He didn't seem capable of grasping that I was not seeking a means of total abstinence but only a means of temperance. He gave me the impression that I was deceiving myself. Undoubtedly I was.

"Well," he said, "I've never met a man yet with a tendency to liquor who got over it by resolving to drink in moderation. Either he gave up drinking entirely or he didn't give it up at all. Perhaps there are such men. Perhaps you are one of them. Perhaps the fact that you are obliged to drink, as you rather naively maintain, will be sufficient cause for God to have pity on you and so arrange your circumstances as to make it impossible for you to drink. But the only condition on which God will agree to such a plan is your resolution to use the means that He has placed at your disposal. These means are Holy Communion every morning, confession every week and constant prayer. It could be that some miracle will happen to bring you the moderation you want." With these sage remarks the interview ended. No further words were wasted. I found myself out on the front porch.

I walked down the street strong in my determination to follow the advice that I had been given. And, as the weeks followed, I lived up to that determination. The church became a second home to me. I haunted it, almost lived in it. And I must say that I improved. But apparently not enough to suit my Nancy. She still wanted me to give up the job entirely. What caused girls to be so adamant in their ideas once they made up their minds? I tried to figure it out on that New Year's

evening, as I let the silence and the sadness of the room in which I sat take full hold of me and wring me out like laundry in a wash machine. The events of the night before were so clearly etched on my memory as to be like cuts and sores on my very soul.

"So, John," Nancy concluded, in telling me that she would not marry me, "that's all there's to it. It simply comes down to this — the wine or I. Make your choice." These words were said as we arrived in front of her house, and I noticed that she was crying. We had been at church together, attending a holy hour that had for its intention the spiritual inauguration of the approaching year. Then she softened. "Think it over," she said. "When you can tell me that you've decided to leave that old shop which is the source of all your trouble, I'll be waiting for you. My present refusal is by no means final." She went into her house. I continued down the street to my own home, and didn't sleep a wink all night.

I kicked aside a newspaper that lay unfolded at my feet. A fine way to start marriage, I thought, with the wife making all the decisions. After all, I was to be the man of the family. Wives were supposed to be subject to their husbands. St. Paul said that. If I surrendered my rights before I was married, what would happen after I was married? A man had to take a stand. Only by taking a stand would I win Nancy's respect and eventual capitulation. When she did capitulate, I could give up my job with dignity. I was still determined to have my way.

At that moment I heard a noise in front of the house. It was nothing but a crowd of revelers saying farewell to the old year. In turning back to go into the house I noticed a pack of letters in the mail box. A couple of them were for me. But I was not interested. There

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was no meaning in the communications of friends when I had just lost a lover. I threw the letters on a desk and thought no more of them. The only thing for a man in my mood to do was to go to bed. I did.

New Year's day was a time of utmost dullness for me. I lolled about from morning until night, hardly civil even to my mother and my father.

But the third day after New Year's, things began to happen. I was about to leave for work when my mother called me back. She handed me my letters. My eye was immediately attracted to the heading on the upper left hand corner of one of them. It said something about the War Department.

"Ye gods," I cried. "Don't tell me that they are after me again." I tore open the envelope, read the contents of the enclosed communication at a glance and with mighty effort held back a powerful explosion of profanity. Once more I was to become a member of the army. That very day I was to take a physical examination at the old post office building downtown. If I hurried I could still be there on time.

When a man reaches the bottom of a well, can he fall still farther? Yes. I was at the bottom of the well from the causes heretofore related, and all of a sudden I began a new and even more profound descent. Nor did I see the bottom below. The one thing I didn't want to do was to go back into service. Four years of my life had been devoted to the manual of arms in the second world war. I was still not quite recovered from that siege upon my spirit. And now the attack was to start all over again.

Not that I was averse to the sacrifice of my freedom for the sake of freedom, or that I did not believe the Communists had to be contained or all was lost. It was merely the fact that I was not an

outdoor man. There have always been people who liked to tramp through woods, sleep on the ground and live on rations packed in cans and shoot with guns. They did these things for fun. If I were of their cast of mind and body, I would not have minded an invitation from the government to spend a few more years in the open air. But I had never even been a boy scout. I liked the simple pleasures of life — a snug home with a loving wife, a good number of children, especially boys, and an occasional outing in an automobile. But whether I liked the army or not, one thing was certain — this new development would settle quite conclusively my problem. I had no idea that it would settle it the way it did.

I was only ten minutes late for my appointment at the old post office. The doctor before whom I appeared was all commiseration when I told him how I felt.

"Sure, sure," he said. "I'm back only three weeks myself. Left a practice that was just beginning to jell. A wife and three children too. I certainly feel great to be again in uniform. Say no more. I know exactly how you feel. Take off your shirt."

The things they did to you were no different from 1941 except that now I was put on general service instead of the limited service that I drew at the beginning of the other war. My eyes were so bad that without my glasses I couldn't see my hand before my face. Apparently a man didn't have to see his hand before his face to become a soldier in this new army. The examination was almost over before I thought to bring up the subject of my stomach.

"Why didn't you tell me right away?" asked the doctor suspiciously. "This wouldn't be a dodge, would it, like a sore back or bad feet?"

"No, it's not a dodge. And I want you

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to know that I'm just as patriotic as the next man. It's just that I didn't think of it."

"We'll soon find out if you're trying to get out of something."

I began a series of tests that lasted three days. At the end of the tests the doctor said to me. "The thing that's wrong with you is ulcers. You've got a bad case of them. Do you drink?"

"Some wine now and then."

"With emphasis on the 'some,' I suppose. Well, the end of your wine drinking has come. Henceforth and for the rest of your life you're on the wagon. Nothing stronger than water."

"You're joking, doc," I said, "My livelihood depends on wine. I'm a wine taster." I described my job, forgetting that if I was taken into the army, I wouldn't need a job any longer.

"That's O. K. by me," he answered. "If you prefer your job to your stomach, so be it. But if you want to escape a wooden box in the not too distant future, you're going to throw that job higher than a kite. These ulcers of yours can be cured if you take care of them right now. Go see a doctor immediately. But above all, lay off the drink or you're through. Just to show you how bad off you are, the army won't have anything to do with you. I know you won't like it, but you're going to remain a civilian at least for the time being. My advice is that you remain a live civilian. Dying as a civilian is just as bad as dying as a soldier."

I went directly from the doctor to Nancy. My mind was made up. Or rather, it had been made up for me. I gave her my capitulation. Never again would I touch a drop of wine. And immediately I would seek a respectable firm of architects and start working at my true profession. Neither would I have to become a soldier, at least (quoting the doctor) for the time being. Nancy rewarded me by jumping up and down, by clapping her hands and finally by rounding off her joy with a generous kiss on my face. We set the approximate date for our wedding.

It has been a conviction of mine that God was the One who arranged things in such a way as to enable me to do what my will alone was too weak to do. I had accomplished everything spiritual that the priest had advised. And the Lord had mercy on my spinelessness and took my problem to Himself. I thank Him for His help. And I must admit that my stomach has felt much better since I changed my job. The new year was a happy one for me after all.

There now, you have John De Lancy's problem. Put yourself in his position. If the army were not to help you as it helped him, would you find it any easier than he did to come to a right decision? If so, you are a strong man. And probably you have no ulcers. And surely by this time you're in the armed services of your country.

Sign Language

Any person passing beyond
this point
will be drowned.

By order of the magistrates.

—Sign found on beach near Tynemouth, England

How To Say "NO" To Boy Friends

This is a reprint, with a few additions, of an article that appeared in *The Liguorian* some twelve years ago. Republished as a little folder, it became one of *The Liguorian's* most popular pamphlets, with almost 200,000 copies in circulation to date. The wide interest it caused inspires this reproduction, and as revised it will soon be in pamphlet form again.

D. F. Miller

ONE OF THE universal problems of teen-age girls (and sometimes older women too) is that of saying "No" to boy-friends, temporary or more or less permanent, who under various pretexts try to involve them in actions that come under the head of "petting," "necking," and the like. Even secular magazines and columnists in newspapers note the problem and give rather groping advice. Usually the advice from such quarters plays upon the motives of respectability, self-esteem, fear of future complications, etc. All these are good, but not sufficient. Unless a girl possesses deep and strong convictions about the spiritual value of chastity, and understanding of the dangers to this virtue, and a forthright courage to express herself in defense of it, the natural motives will not preserve her from evil very long. Here is the way the self-possessed Catholic girl asserts herself, then, in the face of invitations to dangerous actions or sin.

"Oh, so you like me. You say that's why you want me to cooperate in your petting. But you are making a big mistake. You don't seem to realize that those two statements cancel each other. If you really like me, you've got to like all of me. And all of me means my soul and my body. You see, I believe I've

got a soul as well as a body. And I believe that there are a lot of things attractive to the body that simply ruin the soul. One of them is petting. It's one of those things you can't draw lines on; you don't know where it's going to stop or where it's going to lead. It almost always leads to sin (you know what I mean) and that's what ruins the soul. I believe that one sin on the soul is far more ugly and terrible than any sort of defect of the body. So if you really like me, you've got to like my soul and help me keep it clean, pure, unspotted. If you don't care about that, I guess that all you like is my body and what you can get from it, and if that's the case, I couldn't like you in a million years."

"Oh, everybody's doing it, eh? And you think that's reason enough for me to do it too. Well, you're wrong there. First, because not everybody is doing it, though it may be true that everybody you know does it. That isn't saying much for you and your friends. If it's true, however, I'm going to be the first one to prove to you that not everybody does it. You're not going to be able to say that truthfully to any other girl, because now you've met one who won't permit it. That's me. I happen to know it's dangerous and wrong, no mat-

ter how many people do it. I happen to have some religion, which tells me nothing is worthwhile that is contrary to God's law. I realize that there are scads of girls who would laugh at that attitude; but I pity 'em, that's what I do. And if that's the kind of girl you like, I pity you too. Go out with them; you don't need any dates with me."

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"So, I'm a wet blanket, eh? I'll never have any friends if I don't let myself go once in a while. . . That makes me laugh. Sure enough, I won't have any of your kind of friends if I refuse to get tangled up in petting parties. But listen, and I'll tell you a secret. I don't give a rap if I never have a boy friend if I have to pay for friendship with indecency. I like friends. I like to go places and do things with friends. Innocent things. Things I don't have to be ashamed of afterward. Things that don't keep me from receiving Communion and that don't make me feel like a hypocrite when I say my prayers. Petting is not one of these things. I'm delighted to be a wet blanket if it means refusing to take part in that. And I'll be glad to take my chances on making and keeping friends without resorting to that. Come around ten years from now and I'll wager that I'll have a finer bunch of friends than you'll ever meet. So long, chum. It wasn't much fun knowing you."

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"So you're lonesome, eh? And the world's picking on you? And it would make you so happy if I would show you a little affection? And you think that the only way I can give you that is by letting you paw me and manhandle me. I'm sorry, chum. That's not my idea of affection and sympathy. As a matter of fact, I think you are something of a coward in asking for that. There's something weak and despicable about a man

who thinks that the only way to lift his spirits when they are low is to seek some dubious or downright sinful gratification for his body. I'd hate to have to trust such a person for very long. You'd never know what he'd be doing. Whenever he felt blue he'd be out somewhere looking for 'sympathy'—his own particular perverted kind. My idea of character is self-control — the ability to stay out of sin, and keep out of sin no matter how one feels. And I'd be ashamed of myself for life if I promoted the cowardice of a weakling by letting him exploit his passions just because he's feeling low. I'm afraid I'd never want to meet a man like that again."

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"So you'd like to park somewhere in the moonlight. Moonlight, my eye. What you want is the darkness. And the things that go with the darkness. Things that don't go in the light, as when other people are looking on. No, thanks. Take me home. And if you just want to talk, we can do that driving — but I know what parking means. I wasn't born yesterday. I like the open road, and lights, and the protection of knowing that anybody might see me. Oh, sure, I know all about the fact that there are lots of girls who even suggest the parking and 'spooning' themselves. If you know so many of them, why did you ask me for a date? Looking for new conquests, eh? — Oh, you didn't know there were girls like me? You like me for it? That's swell. Maybe we can be friends if you really mean that. But it has to be on the understanding that I hate indecency, and I fear it, and I want my friends to hate it too."

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"No, thanks, I don't care for a high-ball. No, not even a teeny, weeny high-ball. I'd rather keep all my wits about me when I'm on a date. I'm a little afraid of myself as it is, with all my

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brain cells and reflex nerve cells and moral principles in full control. No, I don't think one drink would make me drunk. But a person doesn't have to become drunk to become less clear-minded, self-controlled, ready to meet her own temptations. Especially on a date. What am I afraid of? Do you really want to know? I'm afraid of what has happened to any number of boys and girls. If you want me to be plain about it, I'm afraid of the wrong kind of desires getting hold of me. Oh yes, and another thing. I'd hate like the dickens to be dependent on liquor for a good time. When I can't laugh and enjoy things and think of things to do without liquor, I think I'll go some place and live alone. So liquor is out as far as I'm concerned."

"No, no kissing on this date. I've learned my lesson. I made a bad mistake by letting you kiss me the last time. You said that all you wanted was one little kiss. What you really wanted became evident by your actions. You wanted much more than merely to show me that you liked me. By kissing you meant petting and pawing and embracing in a very sinful way. Even though I finally put a stop to it, I was ashamed of myself until I went to confession, but I promised God, when He forgave me, that I would never place myself in the same situation again. I'm keeping that

promise, see? I accepted this date with you because I did like you, and I did want to give you, and myself, another chance. But if you cannot make the same promise I made to God, we are not going to get on together at all. In fact, we might just as well say good-bye to each other right now."

"No, I don't want you to come in the house. We can say good-by right here. It's almost 1 o'clock, and my folks are all in bed. There's nothing for us to do in the house now except what we shouldn't be doing. I've enjoyed the evening so much — the movie was tops and the lunch afterward perfect — that I don't want to spoil it. And it would be spoiled if we foolishly put ourselves in danger. I don't know how you feel, but I would love to enjoy more evenings such as we've had together. But don't you see that if this one ended badly, I'd always have to be afraid, and eventually I'd have to give up the good times to get away from the bad things. . . . I'm glad you see it my way. I'm glad you are as anxious as I am to keep our friendship good. Yes, I'll be glad to go out with you next week. Come to the house early so that you can meet the folks. They are swell and I'm sure you will like them. . . Good night. Till we meet again."

Types of Church-Goers

A hotel clerk in New York not long ago got confidential with a friend of ours who was visiting there, and told him how it was a necessary part of his job to learn the time of Sunday Masses in nearby Catholic churches.

"It's this way," the man said. "When a guest calls up and asks: 'What time and where can I get to church?' I know he's a Catholic, and tell him the time of the nearest Mass. When a guest asks: 'Where is Reverend Fosdick preaching?' or 'Where is there a good sermon today?' I know he's not a Catholic, and string off a list of places where the titles of sermons seem interesting. Catholics go to church as part of their duty; a great many non-Catholics go because it is part of 'doing' New York."



Test of Character (90)

L. M. Merrill

On Insincerity

In the Book of Proverbs (8 - 13) Wisdom is made to say: "I hate arrogance and every wicked way, and a mouth with a double tongue." The mouth with a double tongue is a figure of speech for insincerity, and this is something that people instinctively dislike in others. Even those who are guilty of insincerity are quick to rebuke it in others. For insincerity is a form of hypocrisy. It means saying and doing things with a secret, selfish, ulterior purpose not revealed in one's words or actions. It is not to be confused with prudence, which sometimes authorizes concealment of one's feelings or aims, not for selfish purposes, but for the sake of charity and the good of souls.

Insincerity may be practiced in many different human relationships. There may be insincerity in expressions of affection for another. The worst example of this is that of a man who declares an undying love for a woman, for the sole purpose of leading her into sin at the moment. There is the insincerity of the lover who is secretly interested in the wealth of the one he professes to love. There is the insincerity of the friend who pretends great loyalty to another, while conspiring against him behind his back.

Insincerity may often be found in the giving of advice. Ambitious people are inclined to urge others to take a stand against lawful superiors, not for any good this will do to the subject involved, indeed sometimes with full knowledge that it will hurt him. The real purpose behind the advice is to bring discredit on the superiors and perhaps to elevate the one who gives the advice. One can also advise another to do evil in order to cover up or make less apparent one's own sins.

Insincerity in praise is a common thing. It is not insincerity to praise others for work not too well done, if the purpose is to encourage them and to recognize their good efforts. The insincerity comes in when one praises another to his face, and roundly criticizes and condemns him when he is absent.

Insincerity is at its worst when it touches one's relationship to God. To be deliberately insincere in confessing one's sins, or in pretending loyalty to God's commandments, or in public professions of faith, is a great form of folly, because God is One who reads every heart and mind as it is.

Sincere people are pleasing both to God and man. They make the best friends, the most dependable associates, and the holiest Christians. The thought of the open revelations of judgment day should be a strong incentive to the practice of sincerity.

Readers Retort

In which readers are permitted to speak their minds about views and opinions expressed in *The Liguorian*. All letters should be signed, and full address of the writer should be given.

Bloomington, Illinois

"Congratulations to the editors of *The Liguorian* on your replies to readers who objected to the article on the Catholic attitude toward divorced and remarried Catholics. As a divorcee, I'd like to see you go a little farther into the subject. I have found the majority of Catholics divided into two groups: 1) those who look upon us as 'outsiders' and don't seem to understand that we may continue to receive the sacraments; 2) those who with misguided expressions of sympathy often serve as greater stumbling-blocks than pagans do. The latter group says: 'Certainly no one could blame you if you re-marry, etc.' They even go so far as to try to arrange social dates for the divorcee, apparently holding to the belief that anything this side of actually marrying again is condoned. Very few seem to expect anything except that sooner or later the Catholic divorcee will inevitably fall away and re-marry. Unless something is done to bring the divorced Catholic's problem before the lay people, more and more will find the going too tough. One of the first steps might be a Sunday sermon explaining the Church's attitude toward the innocent party in divorces. Another, a place for divorcees being made in the parish social activities, and perhaps an evening of a parish mission being reserved for divorcees. The sermons are usually directed to the married or the unmarried, and are not applicable to the divorcee's state in life. How about an article in *The Liguorian* to start the ball rolling?

Mrs. B. N. S."

THE LIGUORIAN has been trying for some time to correct the false notions of Catholics concerning innocent divorcees, who

remain loyal to their faith and reject the thought of a second marriage while their husbands are alive. It needs to be repeated often that a wife (the same is true of a husband) who, through no fault of her own, has been left and divorced by her husband, or who, for grave reasons and with the bishop's permission has obtained a divorce, and who does not take up company-keeping because she knows she cannot validly marry, can and should be accepted as a Catholic in good standing so long as she fulfills the duties of a Catholic. It needs to be said with emphasis that those Catholics who suggest or promote invalid marriages for divorced Catholics are guilty of scandal in one of its vilest forms. To make a special group out of divorcees in a parish, however, would be fraught with great danger. It could lead to a general impression that divorce among Catholics is not the very exceptional thing that it is, and could weaken the marriage bond between those who have no right even to think of a divorce. Innocent divorcees should select a good regular confessor, who will guide them toward holiness and worthwhile activity.

The Editors

Snyder, New York

"I missed the article, 'For Wives and Husbands Only,' on the Catholic attitude toward divorced and remarried Catholics, but after reading Mrs. G. D.'s answer in the November issue, I looked up the September copy. I want to say I wish I could meet Mrs. G. D. How right she is only I can say, because I too am a divorcee through no

fault of mine. I did it for my two daughters' salvation. Thy were only babies at the time, but now they are grown up and married to good Catholic boys. They both admire me for what I did and tell me they would have left home had I not left their father. I married a wonderful Catholic man and can still say after all these years that he has been and is the best husband and father on earth. We never miss Mass, and that is more than some of my own sisters and brothers can say, also my friends. My husband and I confess our sins silently to God each and every Sunday, and in my heart I feel so happy. I am not upholding divorce, but as Mrs. G. D. says, there are times when it becomes necessary. . . I feel that the people who would shun a re-married Catholic are the sinners. At least we are open about our sins, but heaven only knows what theirs are. I want to see this in print, or I too will discontinue 'The Liguorian'.

Mrs. G. L. S."

We beg all our readers to pray for this correspondent. We have no fear of publishing her letter. We know that most of our readers will realize that her situation is secure only if Christ is not God and if His specific words are untrue. Clinging tightly to the happiness she has achieved by her invalid marriage, she makes meaningless Christ's death on the cross, and the 1900 years of uncompromising fidelity to His teaching through which His Church has existed. There is a fearful lesson here for all who are only toying with the idea of an invalid marriage. Such a course could in due time bring them to the same stark denial of faith in Christ and in His Church that is exemplified here.

The editors

Wilmington, Delaware

"I notice that sometimes you receive letters from women who have been advised by their physicians not to have children be-

cause of physical disabilities and they are seeking your advice as to what procedure they should follow. I thought maybe my experience would be of some help to you in advising such women. Fourteen years ago, in 1936, an X-ray examination revealed that I had advanced tuberculosis with cavities in both lungs. After two years of bed rest and extensive surgery, I was able to return to my former office position, but I was told that I had been given a lifetime sentence, that I would always have to have plenty of rest, and that my activities would always have to be limited. My health would depend on how I observed these rules. In 1941, I was married with my doctor's approval and he told me that I was strong enough to have a family. I did not know at the time that his idea of a family was one child, certainly not more than two. In 1942, my first child was born, and in 1943, during the latter part of my second pregnancy, complications developed which kept me in bed from then till three months after delivery. My doctor strongly advised against another pregnancy, and when I did become pregnant again in 1945, recommended therapeutic abortion. I refused and the baby was born without complications. Since that time I have had three more babies, and my health has remained excellent much to my doctor's complete amazement. In addition to taking care of my six healthy children I do all my own housework. I have a maid come in once a week for the cleaning, but feel I could do even that if there were more hours in the day. Many of my friends who have been horrified at my ever-increasing family, especially those who know my medical background, have predicted dire consequences for me. Some of these, in spite of their carefully planned families of one or two, have had physical or mental breakdowns, while I seldom have a cold. My husband and I have always trusted in God to provide for us and our children. We never for a moment doubted that He would give us the necessary strength to care for the

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children He has so generously sent us. Our marriage has been doubly blessed in that my husband, who was not a Catholic when we were married, entered the Church a few years ago. For the past two years he has attended Mass and received Communion daily.

Mrs. M. D. D."

Any magazine would be proud to print so compelling a story of the fruits of confidence in God. THE LIGUORIAN is especially proud of it because it puts into concrete terms what we have tried to say, perhaps in too abstract a form, many many times.

The editors

St. Cloud, Minnesota

"The letters in 'Readers Retort' concerning the question of Negroes joining the Knights of Columbus have come to my attention. There has been no discrimination in so far as the St. Cloud council is concerned. At present we have one member of the Negro race in our membership. He was asked to join when he was a student at nearby St. John's University in Collegeville. We do not have very many Negroes in our area, but there never has been any question as to the color of our candidates as long as they meet the other requirements for membership

L. S."

The evidence is mounting in our files that the Knights of Columbus do not, as an organization, practice racial discrimination.

The editors

"After searching for several years for a pamphlet on Our Lady, written for non-Catholics, we were delighted to have 'Mistakes about Mary' brought to our attention, and at a most propitious time inasmuch as we were ordering literature for free distribution at the Legion of Mary booth to be erected at our County Fair. We had been harping on the idea that as Legionaries we were entrusted with the assignment of

bringing Mary to the world. But there wasn't a suitable pamphlet that could be given to any and every non-Catholic. We distributed about 1300 copies of 'Mistakes about Mary' from our booth, which carried a Marian motif. Results — unknown, but to God. Perhaps your pamphlet will be a means for many others to promote the cause of Mary in the plan of God's redemption.

M. F.

This pamphlet is a reprint of an article that was published in THE LIGUORIAN, and is available for 5 cents a copy, with discounts for quantities.

The editors

Springfield, Illinois

"I read with special interest the article 'Priests in Factories' in the September Liguorian. I wish the author would write another, this time about the poor, discouraged, sad-looking priests in France who are the ones seen and met by the American tourist . . . I was with a pilgrimage to Rome this summer. All our group, including about thirty priests, felt sad about France, especially about the poorly dressed, worn and almost furtive looking priests. At the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul a Sister told that the priests have difficulty even to get enough to eat — sometimes depend on breadlines — and often have extremely uncomfortable lodgings. Said their salary was equivalent to about \$8 a month with which they were supposed to keep themselves. She said it would help if only American priests would send old cassocks, or if the tourists would leave cassocks when they went home . . . Everything about France seemed sad to us. No laughter anywhere.

Sr. M."

All the tourists whom we have talked to report the same sad feelings about France. It would take a long stay in France to make even the beginnings of an analysis of its great problem.

The editors

For Non-Catholics Only

F. M. Louis

Are Churches Necessary?

Objection: Why do Catholics build such expensive churches and institutions, some of them costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, when there are so many poor people in the world who could be helped by the money thus spent? I believe in Christ and in the Bible, but I remember that He said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." There is no need of these expensive churches, so long as we worship God in spirit and in truth, and love our neighbors as ourselves.

Answer: True religion is based on the principle that the first and most important duty of all human beings is to worship and glorify God, the Lord and Master of the universe and the final end of all man's strivings. Since God made man both body and soul, and gave him the earth to use, and will reward both his body and soul and the manner in which he uses the earth, it stands to reason that both his body and soul and the earthly possessions he uses should enter into his worship of God. The soul worships God by acts of interior adoration, thanksgiving, love, atonement and petition. The body, which is intimately united to the soul, joins in its worship by external signs of adoration and prayer: by genuflections, by folded hands, by bows and signs of the cross, by self-denial and attendance at religious services. The possessions of man are utilized to support soul and body in their worship of God when some of them are given to erect churches, to adorn altars, to enhance the visible appeal of divine services. God created the whole man, soul and body, and He created all the material things man can own: therefore all must join in the worship of God.

As for the poor, they will not be neglected so long as the true worship of God is not neglected. A beautiful church raises the minds and hearts of all who see it or enter it to God, and the more they are inspired to think of God, the more they will think of the poor whom God loves. Destroy the churches and the memory of God will grow dim, and the poor will be more and more forgotten.

Certainly it is difficult to read the Old Testament of the Bible, especially the Book of Exodus, with the innumerable and detailed commands God directly gave His chosen people for building a temple in His honor, without recognizing that He wants the good things of earth to be used in man's worship of Him. Christ Himself did not hesitate to worship in the grand temple at Jerusalem, nor to demand of a rich friend the use of "the upper room" he owned for His last religious service with His apostles.

Man's Best Friend

There is less of fiction in this fancy than the author pretends. It is happening, in one way or another, every day.

E. F. Miller

A NEW BUILDING is being put up in New York which will have a special ramp from top to bottom for dogs, particularly for dachshunds, the long low dogs that almost scrape their stomachs on the ground when they walk. There will be large mirrors at every turn on this ramp so that an ascending or descending dog can see what approaches from above or below and make a hasty retreat if circumstances demand it. It is expected that the ramp will cost several thousand dollars.

This news item inspires the following bit of fancy.

Young and masculine Mr. Scullin and his blue-eyed, fragile wife, Doris, are shopping for an apartment. Scullin is a brilliant junior partner of an engineering firm, with sufficient means to house his family in quarters befitting his position. He owns no dogs; but he does own four children, and a fifth one is on the way.

The Stratford Mansion on the upper Eastside, a ten story, elaborately constructed building, looks good to him and to his wife. It is new and very probably possesses all the latest gadgets for comfort and convenience. It has grass around it on which the children can play. He calls on the manager.

"We'd like to look at your apartments," he says.

The manager sizes him up quickly. What he sees is a man in a double-breasted suit, a modest yet expensive tie, well-pressed trousers and a hat. The hat does it. All dependable men wear

hats. Here is a patron such as the Stratford Mansion caters to. Figuratively speaking, he wrings his hands; literally speaking, he bows like a butler to his master.

"Of course, sir, of course," he says unctuously. "We are the most modern and the best, you know, established only for the up-to-the-minute and discriminating couple who desire service and are, shall we say, of the demi-monde." He smiles wisely, as though letting Scullin and his wife in on a conspiracy of which they are already a part. "In these apartments," he continues, "one finds the aesthetic and the practical happily combined according to the latest findings of the art and science of architecture." No real oil is exuding from the creases of his face. But it seems to Scullin that it would not take much squeezing to bring oil to the surface. Not only the smile but the words that accompany it have a kind of drip to them.

"Can you show us around a bit?" asks Scullin.

"Why, certainly," answers the manager. "But I must tell you at once that our apartments are in great demand. There is only one or the other vacant at the moment. And that is so because we are so careful as to whom we allow to be our guests. But come, please. Let me show you what we have." Respectfully he waits until the Scullins pass before him.

There are elevators both for animate and inanimate freight. There are tapestries and facsimiles of the masters on

the walls. There are drug stores and beauty shops and restaurants. There are rugs three inches deep. There is a television set in every living room. There is culture on all sides so thick that it can almost be cut with a knife.

"And now," says the manager, as he pauses before the ramp that leads from the first floor to the second, "we come to a concept that until now has been entirely neglected. I suppose you have been wondering what our rules are on man's best friend, the dog. Our rules are in perfect alignment with the most advanced sociological thought in this matter — we not only permit them, we encourage them. For that reason we have built this ramp. See its gentle slope, its beveled corners, its rubber tiling. We have spared no expense in providing for our dogs. No dog need fear a cold reception at the Stratford Mansion. Therefore, Mr. Scullin, and Mrs. Scullin too — you will pardon me, I'm sure — do not hesitate to bring the canine members of your family with you when you lease an apartment in the Stratford. They will receive the finest treatment that human ingenuity can devise. They will be treated like one of ourselves, like a human being. And, after all there is something human about a dog. I often say that if dogs ruled the world, perhaps we would have a more peaceful world than we do with humans in the place of authority." He beams benignly. Mrs. Scullin shivers slightly.

Scullin and his wife examine curiously the ramp for dogs.

"All very nice," says Scullin. "You haven't missed a thing. No dog will feel lonesome or neglected here. But how about babies and children? I presume you have special facilities for them?"

A cold front passes over the face of the manager. Perceptibly his body stiff-

ens. "Babies, children, did you say? Oh, no, sir. I'm afraid that that would be expecting too much of our architects. And our guests would hardly stand for it. If I do say so, though I should not be the one to boast of it, our clientele is quite respectable, or if you will pardon the word, the elite. They would not tolerate a letting down of the bars in this regard. Children are so destructive, you know, and so noisy. We would soon have the name of being no different from an ordinary housing project, or even a tenement in the slums. We do not want vulgarity to be associated with our reputation. No, children are not allowed here."

Doris now speaks up. "Come, dear," she says to her husband. "I left the wash machine going when I came out with you. And the hamburgers are on the stove, all ready to be fried. We are having them with onions, you know. You like hamburgers with onions so well." She starts for the door. "Besides," she adds, "I don't feel too well." Her voice trails off.

"What!" shouts Scullin. "You mean — Why didn't you tell me before?" He slaps the manager on the back. "Sorry, old man," he says. "We'll have to be off. Expecting a guest. Four of them have already arrived and are waiting for us now. Thanks for the trouble." He hurries his wife out the door.

The manager shakes his head. Such a precipitous departure, and not a word as to whether or not he intends to take the apartment. People are indeed strange, he muses. Just then a great dane comes mincing down the ramp, curled and perfumed like a prima donna on a promenade. The manager entices him into his office. He gives him a lump of sugar.

The Woman Who Never Grew

Reflections on the sad situation of the secularist, who has no recourse in sorrow other than to the grim fortitude of the stoic.

L. G. Miller

IN THE *Ladies' Home Journal* for May, 1950, there appeared a long article which was destined to arouse a great deal of interest and to stir up a very widespread sympathy for its author. Entitled "The Child Who Never Grew," the piece was later picked up by the *Readers' Digest*, and appeared eventually in book-form as well.

The name of the writer of the article — Pearl Buck — was indeed sufficient in itself to insure a wide circle of readers. Mrs. Buck need only take the cover from her typewriter to stir up the immediate interest of the book-of-the-month club committees. Whether her works are as imperishable as the b. of the m. club people would have us believe time alone will tell. In the case of the particular article under discussion here, however, there was a certain poignancy which carried its own piercing appeal. And well there might be; Mrs. Buck was writing about her only child, a daughter who was mentally retarded and eventually had to be placed in an institutional home.

It is by no means our purpose in this short article to make light of the author's sufferings. Only a mother can rightly understand the depths of human agony resulting from such a cross. In a sense, as Mrs. Buck remarks, it must be far more difficult to bear than if the child were to die.

Nor do we intend a breath of criticism on the score that she has chosen to publicize her ordeal. It is a good thing in many ways that the matter should be publicized by someone with

the gift of words, in order to stir up public interest in caring properly for these unfortunate members of society.

Our object in writing on the subject is to remark with sadness on how poor and feeble is the rationalization of suffering when based upon a merely secularistic foundation.

Mrs. Buck is very typical of her day and age in that all her writings betray an exclusive preoccupation with the things of time and of this world. Even in "The Good Earth," regarded by many as her masterpiece, her Chinese protagonists live out their years entirely within this framework. It is not so much that there is no mention of the Christian God. This would have been natural enough, considering that the locale of the plot is laid in an entirely pagan section of China. The point is that the author can find no useful reference between the Creator and His human creatures. Her characters live out their lives — all of them — without a single question in their minds about the all important problem of survival after death. They are shown engrossed in the religious rites of ancestor worship, but even this suggests to their minds, and apparently, to hers, no further interest in immortality.

In a novel, it seems to us, this represents a serious flaw. In an article such as "The Child Who Never Grew" it reflects a condition of tragic spiritual desolation.

Thus the supreme tragedy of her child's mental retardment for her mother lies in this, that the child's un-

doubted gifts of mind must forever lie dormant. The little one manifests the beginnings of a taste and aptitude for music; the aptitude must, alas, remain forever undeveloped.

Mrs. Buck, after exploring every possible avenue of help, finally resigns herself to the inevitable. A doctor assures her bluntly that "nothing can be done," and after a period of bitterness, she reconciles herself to the situation in two ways:

1. She finds an institutional home for the child, and the director of this home assures her that the philosophy which governs his establishment begins and ends with this principle: to make sure that his charges are "happy."

2. She finds strength in the thought that the experiences of her child, or rather of the experts who treat her child, may serve as a basis for future knowledge of mental retardation.

Comforting herself with these two reflections, Mrs. Buck closes her account. Not once in the entire article does she make mention of any hope founded on the immortality of the soul; never does she console herself with the reflection that if her daughter's talents are involuted and locked up within herself for a few years, it will not be ever thus. Some day her mind will be free of all restraints and all her special talents will have full scope — when her spirit breaks through the restricting barriers of flesh and escapes into the blessedness of eternal life.

It is true, Mrs. Buck several times mentions the name of God, but one receives the impression that she does so with no understanding or recognition of the fact that God plays an active role in the affairs of men. Rather, He is made to occupy a rather remote heaven, far removed from our small concerns. A mentally retarded child? What has God to do with such a small and in-

significant unit of humanity? Any answer to the heartbreaking problem of why such a thing is permitted and what possible adjustment can be made must be reached not in terms of what God wants or thinks or arranges as regards the present and the future. Such an answer — if any is possible — must be worked out entirely within the framework and reference of this world.

The only possible attitude for the secularist who wishes to go on living in the face of tragedy is stoicism. Mrs. Buck dresses up her stoicism in beautiful words and turns of thought; she invests it with a certain dignity, but it remains essentially stoicism. Stoicism neither knows nor seeks the ultimate answer to suffering; it bears the blows of life grimly, bravely, but hopelessly. There is nothing to be found beyond the grave. We are prisoners in a dark dungeon, and never will the prison gates swing wide.

How different is the truly Christian outlook upon a tragedy of this kind, and how much more pregnant with genuine consolation and comfort!

The Christian attitude does not, of course, pretend to eliminate the suffering. The Christian mother who must bear such a cross feels it, humanly speaking, just as keenly. But her convictions ennoble the cross and give it meaning, so that even in the midst of suffering she possesses that deep peace and calm which flow from perfect resignation beneath the hand of God.

In the truly Christian attitude, one recognizes that nothing in this wide world happens or can happen which is not connected in a special way with God's Will. In all save sin and evil, God's Will participates directly, so that I could not so much as raise my little finger without God in a mysterious way acting through my free will to bring that action into being.

All the changing circumstances of life must logically be regarded as flowing thus from God's power; if there were any actions which could escape Him, God would cease to be God. There is no middle ground here, no place for a God who like an absentee landlord is concerned only with the major developments affecting his property. Take away from God any of His prerogative in this regard, and you might as well not believe in God at all; you make a God out of man, if you make man independent from God in his actions.

Even in regard to sin and evil, God's will must be taken into account. God does not, of course, directly will sin, since sin is in essence the contradiction and denial of God. But even sin and evil are the result of the permissive will of God, since they could not happen if God did not permit them.

Why then does God permit sin and evil and suffering?

Because He bestowed upon man the tremendous gift and privilege of free will. He made us in such a way that we are to serve Him not as automations, or as flowers in the field, which grow and bloom according to their nature, and have nothing to say about it one way or the other. Rather He made us so that we can freely choose to serve Him, and thus bring about our own spiritual growth and bloom in His sight.

Now where there is freedom, there is necessarily the possibility of abuse of freedom, and from this abuse stems sin and evil and suffering.

Much of this suffering results from our own personal sins, but even apart from that, we must suffer the consequences of the great act of rebellion against God which was perpetrated by the father and mother of the human race. Adam and Eve were created in a state of happiness and bliss; suffering as we know it had no entrance into the

garden of Paradise. But in the test of their freedom which they had to undergo, they failed; they tried to cast God out of their lives, and in so doing, forfeited for themselves and for their children the gifts which God had imparted to them — physical immortality and freedom from bodily deterioration.

But the glorious note added by Christianity to this sad picture is that our sufferings of whatever kind need be only temporary, and in the end, if we so will it, must infallibly be turned into joy.

More than that, by our patient acceptance of suffering we can, in a sense, cooperate with Christ in His work of saving the world. In the striking phrase of St. Paul, we can "fill up what is wanting" in the sufferings of Christ. Not, of course, that God needs our cooperation, but He is pleased to make use of it. How much good for souls is wrought by the world's "sufferers" — those whose lives are in a sense dedicated to suffering — will be fully revealed only in eternity, but we are certain it is much more than anyone imagines here on earth.

If Mrs. Buck were sufficiently Christian to apply a philosophy like this to her own family tragedy, she could find strength and comfort even in the midst of tears in the realization that

1. There is a meaning in the apparently meaningless mental retardment of her child. The full reason why God permitted such a thing to happen to this particular child must remain hidden. It is enough that God did permit it, and therefore He must have had a very good reason for doing so. Who knows but that from the sufferings of this innocent child stem incalculable graces for other members of the human race?

Also, as we have said, one day her child's talents and aptitudes can be re-

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leased in full torrent in that vision of God whose joy will cause all the trials of life to seem insignificant by comparison.

2. As regards her own sufferings as a mother, these too can be put to good use. They too can be offered up and joined with the sufferings of Christ to call down God's grace upon a sick old world. Patience and pity spring from the soil of suffering; if there were no suffering, there would be no patience, and true patience brings us very close to the heart of God.

We have entitled this article "The

Woman Who Never Grew." Far more tragic, we think, than the case of the child who never grew is the case of the mother who, if we are to judge by her article, has never grown into an awareness of the genuine Christian answer to the problem of suffering.

And more tragic still to contemplate the millions like her who fail to realize the opportunity that is theirs. Suffer we must; how sad that so many are carrying their cross not along the road that leads to Calvary, but around the endless and inescapable circle that is bounded by their own selfishness.

A Pope's Plea

Pope Innocent III died in the first half of the 13th century. He was one of the greatest Popes the Catholic Church ever had. And he was a good Pope too. But God's judgments are stricter than man's.

St. Lutgarde, a most extraordinary woman, was given a vision one day. (St. Lutgarde worked many miracles.) In the vision she saw Pope Innocent (this was shortly after his death), wrapped in a tremendous flame. She had never seen Pope Innocent before. So, she asked the vision who or what he or it was. The answer came that Pope Innocent was appearing to her and begging for her prayers. Lutgarde showed surprise. It didn't seem possible to her that the Sovereign Pontiff should be in need of prayers.

The Pope then told her that if strict justice had been done, he would be in hell. Due to the fact that he had founded a monastery dedicated to the Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin had won for him the grace of escaping the torment. However, he said that he had been consigned to Purgatory *until the end of the world*.

Such a story makes a man stop and think. It makes him wonder whether committing all those little sins is worth-while after all.

Happy Victim

One day St. Teresa was hearing Mass at the church of St. Clement in Toledo, Spain. With her companion she went to the altar to receive Holy Communion. As she returned to her seat, a poor woman, crying out angrily against her, began to beat her over the head with an old shoe. She had lost the mate of it in the crowd, and suspected Teresa, as being more shabbily dressed than those about her, of having stolen it. Teresa smiled at her affectionately as she tried to dodge and ward off the blows. What could be better than to bear blows and insults for Christ's sake? "God reward that good woman," she said afterwards, "but I certainly have a sharp headache."

This story is told by William Thomas Walsh in his celebrated life of St. Teresa of Avila.

Happenings in Rome

Monthly round-up of significant events in the capitol of Christendom.

C. D. McEnniry

ON SATURDAY, October 28, the Pope published a prayer to The Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Assumed into Heaven. "O Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God and Mother of men, we believe with all the fervor of our faith in thy triumphant Assumption, Body and soul, into heaven where thou art acclaimed Queen by all the Choirs of Angels and all the Legions of Saints. . . And as we plod our weary way through this land of exile, comforted by the truth that we too will one day rise from the dead, we look to thee, our life, our sweetness and our hope." On *Monday* the Pope summoned all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops within reach of Rome. He asked them the question he had already asked all the Bishops of the world: "Does it please you, Venerable Brethren, that We solemnly proclaim, as dogma revealed by God, the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, body and soul, into heaven?" He received the answer he had already received from practically all the bishops of the world: "It does please me — placet." On *Wednesday*, in the presence of 600 Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and nearly a million faithful the Pope used the power given to St. Peter and his successors by Jesus Christ. Speaking "*ex cathedra*", as Head of the Church and infallible Teacher of the people he solemnly declared that the truth that the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, was taken up body and soul into heaven is a truth revealed by God from the beginning of the Church and a truth that everybody that believes the word of God must accept. The massive bells of St. Peter's rang, the bells of Rome's 400 churches re-

sounded. From the Janiculum Hill thundered a salute of 12 guns. From every corner of the world which had been listening to His voice arose a joyous hymn of gratitude to God and of praise to Mary. . . .

"Who made the World? Who is God? How many Persons in God?" Teaching such things to children is a very humble occupation, some people say. The Pope does not think so. When the "International Catechetical Congress" was held in Rome, he made special provisions to receive the members. "Some falsely judge," he told the catechists, "that yours is a lowly office: it is a lofty work, and it is rightly numbered among the most important of the entire apostolate." While praising their high office he did not hesitate to tell the catechists that the truths of faith will scarcely bring forth abundant fruit unless they are sowed in the hearts of the children with completeness, with understanding, with energy and perseverance. Defections from the faith, he said, are so often due to lack of Christian instruction and training, while most men, who hold high positions in their city or their nation and there find occasion to do immense good for souls, owe their sturdy Catholicity to the teaching and personality of some teacher or priest. . . .

On the twentieth Sunday after Pentecost Archbishop Traglia, Vicar of the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, celebrated the annual Mass for the nation-wide "Crusade against Blasphemy." This crusade has been carried on with so much energy that the legislature was induced to pass a law against blasphemy in public. If you hear a man blaspheming on the

street it is sufficient for you to notify the nearest policeman, and the offender will be fined on the spot. . . .

Pope Pius XII canonized another American (South Americans are "Americans" too). He told the world that Mary Ann, the Lily of Quito, is a Saint. And he told that same world — that same air-conditioned, softly-cushioned, cocktail-drinking, cigarette-smoking, TV-crazy world that St. Mary Ann did a lot of penance. She caused her virginal body to suffer by long fasts, she crucified it by hair shirts and penitential chains, she forced it, in imitation of Jesus Christ, to carry a heavy cross in processions of expiation. She slept little, often on the bare ground or on a pile of broken crockery, but spent the greater part of the night praying and thinking of God. Not everybody, especially in these our days, the Pope continues, grasps the meaning of such a life of penance. Not everybody sees how noble it is. Indeed there are many today who have little esteem for penance, even feel a revulsion against it, and absolutely neglect to practice any penance. But let us remember that, due to the sin of our first Father, we are so strongly inclined to the pleasures of sin that penance is absolutely necessary for us. Jesus said: "Unless ye do penance, ye shall all perish." (Luke 13:5.) For nothing is better adapted to restrain our unruly passions and to keep our inclinations under the rule of our reason. Even in this world the joy that comes from a well ordered life is as much greater than the degrading pleasures of sin as heaven is higher than earth. A "wise virgin", the Pope insists, was St. Mary Ann of Quito. . . .

A young mission country has no dioceses or archdioceses. Its great day dawns when — perhaps after hundreds of years — it comes of age and its titular Bishops and Archbishops become

resident Bishops and Archbishops, each with his own diocese and his own cathedral. By Apostolic Letters the Pope has declared that the Church has made such progress and the missionary and native clergy have done such fruitful work in British West Africa that the entire region is now officially raised from the mission stage and given a regular hierarchy. . . .

Among the petitions to the Pope, begging him to declare the dogma of the Assumption, was an immense volume, bound in red leather and silver, containing the signature of every Catholic (and they are Catholic almost to a man) in the diocese of Gozo (the word means "joy"). Even those who had emigrated to foreign countries signed the petition. Three years were spent in gathering the signatures. The pages were ornamented after the style of the ancient monks by the Benedictine ex-librarian of Montecassino. . . .

The Pope has sent a letter to all the priests of the world. He urges them to sanctify themselves ever more and more, for then they will eagerly work for the salvation of souls, and their work will bear fruit. He has a special blessing for the priests who are persecuted. He has a thought for the priests who are in want. He says there should not be, in the same diocese, priests who are needy and priests who have a superfluity. And he hopes that even priests of different countries will help one another in a brotherly spirit. He calls upon the laity to bring up children worthy of the priesthood. Finally every priest, every "other Christ," he consigns to the Mother of Christ that, through her intercession, God may send down the fulness of the Holy Spirit to sanctify the Clergy and through them to renew the face of the earth. . . .

The "Holy Roman Rota" is the high ecclesiastical court to which (among

other causes) decisions regarding invalid marriages are appealed. At the beginning of the new judicial year the judges of this court assisted at the Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican and renewed their official oaths.

This Holy Year marks the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. John of God, Patron of Nurses. In a letter to Cardinal Cerejeira the Pope said: "In St. John of God all the faithful have a splendid example of extraordinary penance and contempt of self, of divine contemplation and tireless prayer, of extreme poverty and perfect obedience; in St. John of God, in a very special way, those who devote themselves to healing, helping and comforting the sick in hospitals have a glorious Patron from whose Christ-like charity they can learn to consecrate themselves daily more and more completely to the bodily and spiritual welfare of the sick. . . .

Ninety thousand gathered in England's Wembley Stadium to celebrate the centenary of the restoration of the hierarchy. On this occasion Pope Pius XII broadcast a message to England. He concluded: ". . . We express here our sentiments of profound esteem for His Majesty, King George VI and for Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. . . . We cannot conclude without a message to all those men of good will in England and Wales, who would serve God, but who are not in communion with the See of Peter. We should like them to know that they too have a place in our heart and that We pray often for their welfare in this life and the next. . . . May God bless you all, dear sons and daughters of England and Wales. Great is the hope which your loving mother the Church

places in you. May the next hundred years show how eminently worthy you are of her." One hundred years before, Cardinal Wiseman sent "from the Flaminian Gate of Rome" a message to England. He told them that, after nearly three hundred sad years, Pope Pius IX had established twelve Bishops' Sees and one Archbishop's See in England. He reminded them how the English saints and martyrs looked down with approval. He prayed that the Pope might experience many consolations in his own great sorrows. "And of these consolations may one of the most sweet to his paternal heart be the propagation of Holy Religion in our country, the advancement of his spiritual children there in true piety and devotion, and our ever increasing affection and attachment to the See of Peter." And twelve hundred years before that, Pope Gregory, the Great, had sent a message to England: ". . . seeing that the new Church of the English is, through the bounty of God, and your (St. Augustine's) labors, brought to the grace of God. . . . you may consecrate twelve Bishops for different places." . . .

When he speaks to philosophers, the Pope speaks like a philosopher, when he speaks to scientists, he speaks like a scientist, when he speaks to diplomats, he speaks like a diplomat, and even when the members of the "International Railway Congress" came for an audience, he spoke like a railroader. After what the war had done to rails, roadbeds, shops and rolling stock, he said, it was a near miracle the way they had got the international trains running regularly and on time. It is clear that Mussolini was not the only man who could make trains run on time.

Do not be content with doing necessary kindnesses; the unnecessary ones are of far greater importance.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

For Those Who Can't Pray

A common expression among shut-ins is the sad lament, "I can't pray." The phrase needs to be discussed and analyzed. The truth is that only those who are unconscious from fever or weakness cannot pray in any sense of the word. Anyone who is still capable of consciously stating: "I can't pray," by that very fact proves that he could pray if he did not have the wrong idea of prayer.

Some Christians have acquired the false idea that to pray means to recite rosaries, to say litanies, to read out of their prayerbooks, to repeat long memorized formulas of prayer. These are all forms of prayer, but they are not the only forms, nor are they necessarily the best forms of prayer. In point of fact there are times when these are not even good forms of prayer because they are beyond the capacity of one who would like to use them.

It must be remembered by shut-ins that prayer essentially means no more than union of mind and heart with God, and this expressed either mentally or in any form of words one chooses to use. It stands to reason that one who is in great pain or great weakness cannot be expected to be continually communing with God. Pain is distracting, and weakness of body makes for weakness of mind to concentrate on a given subject for continuous periods of time. Nevertheless it is possible for even the weakest and most pain-racked shut-in to pronounce affectionately the holy names of Jesus and Mary; to say such short prayers as: "Jesus, I love you. Jesus and Mary, help me. Jesus, make me well if it be your will." A rosary in the hand or a crucifix near the bed will assist him in thinking of such prayers.

Others, not too weak nor too pain-racked, say "I can't pray" because they don't feel any comfort or consolation in praying. They wrongly feel that if they say the words of a prayer and do not experience any great lift of their spirits or sense of closeness to God, it is as if they were not praying at all. They need to be reminded that the most effective and meritorious prayers are those that arise from a cold and clouded soul. To remember and speak to God or His Mother when one is devoid of spiritual feeling is to prove beyond all doubt one's closeness to God.

Every temptation of a shut-in to say, "I can't pray," should be turned into a prayer. For whoever can make a judgment and formulate a sentence even as simple as that, can also say: "I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, I love Thee, O God."

Prods to Perfection

Incident, legend, quotation and example, designed to lift up your eyes to the better things you might do and be.

J. P. Schaefer

NEW YEAR'S DAY is always one of reminiscences and anticipation — a day on which we take stock of ourselves and our lives. We look back over the year just passed, perhaps with a tinge of regret, perhaps with a sigh of relief; and looking into the future we wonder what this year will bring. What hopes and fears, what happiness and sorrow will it bring into my life? What will this year mean to my business, to me personally, to my family? These reminiscences and anticipations have led almost naturally to a custom among us known as New Year's resolutions. So frequently have these resolutions been made in such an haphazard and desultory manner, that they have become a common subject of jokes. But this should not be. Into the celebrations and festivities of New Year's Day you should introduce a bit of serious thought and reflection, for this may be — this *is* the most important year of your life! To aid your thoughts and reflections we print here a group of very serious stories and reflections. They may lead to a resolution which you will keep this year — a resolution which will make a better man or woman of you.

In one of the most beautiful and celebrated cathedrals of Europe, that of Milan, there is a triple doorway, and over each of the splendid arches is carved an inscription. Over one is carved a wreath of roses and the words: "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over another a cross is sculptured and the motto: "All that which troubles is but for

a moment." But over the central arch this sentiment is carved into the stone: "That only is important which is eternal."

Happy the man, and happy he
alone,
He who can call today is own,
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I
have lived today.
(John Dryden)

A group of workmen were once instructed to construct a vertical sundial in the old Temple Gardens in London. After completion of their work, they remembered that no motto had been given them to inscribe upon their work. One of them, therefore, went to the office of the lawyer who had given them the original order, and said: "Sir, the dial is completed, all but the motto. Have you selected one?" Absorbed in study, the lawyer hardly heard the question. Irritated at the interruption, he brushed the workman aside with a curt: "Begone about your business." "Thank you, sir," said the workman; "that is a very good motto. It could not be better." — With these golden words the dial was finished.

A famous painter of antiquity, Zeuxis, was once asked why he devoted so much care and patience to each stroke of his art. "Because," replied the artist, "I am working for eternity."

St. Clement Hofbauer, the Apostle of

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Vienna, was one day walking along the bank of the Danube, when he noticed a woman standing nearby. She appeared to be deeply distressed, and gave every sign of being on the verge of throwing herself into the water and committing suicide. The Saint hastened to her and held her back. Then, by a few kind words he drew from her the story of her troubles. She complained that she was penniless, had lost all her possessions, and could see only one way out of her difficulties. The Saint listened patiently, and when she had finished he stooped down and picked up a handful of sand from the river's bank. "This is what you have lost," he said, letting it fall through his fingers. "Would you damn your soul for this?"

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if this were the last hour of my life. (*Jonathan Edwards*)

An Eastern monarch once charged his wise men to invent for him a sentence which he could keep always before him, and which would be true and appropriate at all times and for all situations. For days the wise men pondered and puzzled over their assignment. Finally they presented their lord with these words: "And this too shall pass away."

Louis XV of France wanted to test the courage of his clerk-marshal, Landsmath. Knowing that the clerk's confessor, a Lazarist Father, had just passed away, and that it was the custom of the Order at that time to expose its dead with uncovered faces, he ordered his

servant to go and view the corpse. "Sire," was the reply, "my confessor was my friend, and I should dislike very much to see the ravages which death has made in his familiar features." "Nevertheless," replied the king, "I command you." The next day, as soon as he saw his clerk, the King asked: "Well, did you obey me, Landsmath?" "Certainly, sire." — "And what did you see?" "Your Majesty," replied the servant, "I saw that you and I do not amount to much."

Every man is three men:

John as he is known to himself,
John as he is known to his friends,
John as he is known to God.

(*Oliver Wendell Holmes*)

The reflections and stories are designedly serious. For you are entering upon a New Year of your life. Another period of time is being given to you to do with as you will — a period of time which is so terribly important because it will have an eternal significance, because as with every year of your life here on earth it is bound up inseparably with your eternal life. New Year's resolutions are oftentimes trivial and almost meaningless. Why not make one this year which will influence your whole life? Make it a deadly serious resolution this year — for this is a terribly important year for you. We invite you now to reread these stories and reflections — slowly. While doing so, won't you keep this thought in mind? This is the most important year of my life! What am I going to do about it — what am I going to do with it?

Dead Weight

"Many is the time," said the preacher, growing sentimental in his funeral oration over a deceased parishioner, "that I dangled this corpse upon my knee."

Why Christ Liked His Rich Friends

The principles of Christ's teaching with regard to wealth are best illustrated by the reasons for which He loved His own wealthy friends.

R. J. Miller

A SURPRISING number of Our Lord's friends were wealthy people; yet in His teaching on earthly wealth He is so stern and almost so forbidding that it would seem He could hardly welcome a rich man to His close friendship at all. Such at least might well be the impression of a reader who has followed the series of articles on Christ in *The Liguorian* during the past months. An attempt will now be made to account for this seeming paradox: why did the Human Being show a special affection for certain particular rich people in practice if his teaching was so hard on rich people in theory?

The teaching of Christ on the dangers of earthly wealth can be rapidly summarized once more: It is exceptionally difficult for any rich man to save his soul; and if he is attached to his wealth it is not only difficult but impossible for him to do so without a miracle of grace.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Then too, Our Lord spoke with irony and contempt of rich and complacent people, especially in the parable of the rich man whose lands produced such abundant crops that his storehouses could no longer contain them. Christ

pictures him as saying to himself:

You have plenty of good things to last for years to come: take it easy: eat, drink, and have a good time!

And then Our Lord goes on:

But God said to him: You fool! This night they are going to call and demand that soul of yours: then who will own what you have hoarded away?

"You fool!" This contemptuous epithet from Jesus Christ, so harsh, so different from the kindness and mercy He usually showed to human frailty, "so strange in the mouth of Our Lord," as Pope Leo XIII described it, certainly can leave no doubt as to His attitude towards self-complacent wealthy people in general. How then could He show Himself friendly to certain rich persons in particular, as He certainly did?

The answer can be given very briefly: the rich people He loved were not "self-complacent." They were not attached to their wealth. They were *different*, each of them, from the average rich men of their circle or circumstances in life, if not before they knew Christ, at least surely after He had offered them His divine friendship.

Let us examine one by one the rich persons we have found in previous arti-

cles to be favored with the friendship of Jesus Christ.

First of all we had the four Evangelists. St. Matthew had been a political racketeer, one of a class that grew wealthy in Our Lord's time on extortion and bribery. He was seated one day at his place of business when Jesus Christ passed by. Our Lord paused, looked at him, and simply said:

Follow Me!

And St. Luke relates that at once

leaving all things, he rose up and followed Him.

There can be no doubt that St. Matthew was "different" from his fellow racketeers! Even the rich young man to whom Our Lord was later to address a similar invitation, "Follow Me," could not bring himself to leave all things in this manner. "He became downcast and sadly went away."

It was the same with St. John the Evangelist. One day he was working with his brother James and his father Zebedee at their prosperous fishing business. Our Lord passed by, and gave the two brothers the same invitation: "Follow Me!" And "at once," the Gospel says

they left their nets and their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired men, and followed Him.

Again, there is no doubt as to how "different" St. James and St. John were here. One is almost tempted to think that their good father, or at least "the hired men," thus left unceremoniously in the boat to carry on the fishing business while the two boys went off with the Lord, must have considered it very "different" indeed.

St. Mark the Evangelist, as we have seen, was probably the son of the wealthy owner of the Upper Room in Jerusalem. Eventually he became Bishop of Alexandria, and it is there that we find evidence of how "different" his life turned out to be. The Roman Breviary account of him on his feast day, April 25, relates that while he was Bishop of Alexandria the faithful there "had all things in common," just like the early Christians in Jerusalem. Now this was different not only from the ordinary pagan or Jewish way of life, but even from that of nearly all the early Christian communities themselves. Only Jerusalem and Alexandria, as far as we know, professed this completely common life. In all the others, even in Rome, the Christians did *not* thus "pool" their resources.

St. Luke the Evangelist was a physician and a painter, well-educated and probably a gentleman of means. Judging by his Gospel, too, with its emphasis on the compassion and mercy of Christ, its details on the life of Our Lady, its frequent references to the holy women who were friends of Christ, and its comparative literary distinction, he was a gentleman of refinement and culture. But he too became "different" from other gentlemen of means and culture in his environment when He became the friend and follower of the doctrine of Christ. Instead of staying comfortably at home with his books and his painting and his genteel lady patients, he was the faithful companion of St. Paul the Apostle in his apostolic journeys:

in danger on rivers, in danger from robbers, in danger from my own people, in danger from the Gentiles; danger in cities, danger in the wilderness, danger on the sea, danger from false brethren.

Indeed, when St. Paul was in prison

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in Rome for the last time, not long before his martyrdom, he wrote to his friend and disciple St. Timothy what is known as the Second Epistle to Timothy. It is the last of his writings that we possess, and in it we find many an inspiring line, but also many a poignantly human expression from the great-souled but lonely old man:

I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race; I have kept the faith. . . . Hurry and come to me soon. For Demas has deserted me, loving this world, and has gone to Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia. . . . When you come, bring with you the cloak I left with Carpus at Troas. . . . Hurry and come before winter.

Winter was coming on, and the poor old man must have felt the need of the "cloak I left with Carpus at Troas." Then he had other heartaches:

Alexander the coppersmith has done me much harm. . . . At my first trial, no one stood by me, but everyone deserted me; may it not be held against them. . . . Erastus remained at Corinth, and Trophimus I left sick at Corinth.

But in the midst of all this abandonment, St. Paul has one consolation:

Only Luke is with me.

"Different" is surely the word to apply here to faithful, gentle St. Luke!

Then we might also find a clue as to how different he was in the oration which the Church employs in the Divine Office for his feast:

We beseech Thee, O Lord, grant us to be aided by the prayers of St. Luke Thy Evangelist; who for the glory of Thy name *ever bore in his body the mortifica-*

tion of the cross.

This oration, dating as it does from ancient times, bears witness to the fact that St. Luke, the gentleman of refinement and ease, was nevertheless always regarded in Christian tradition as completely different from other gentlemen of his class by his simple and mortified life: by his having *ever borne in his body the mortification of the cross.*

Another man of wealth whom Christ chose for a special friend was the Apostle St. Paul himself. That he was a very wealthy man before his conversion can be gathered from several clues in the New Testament. He was chosen by the high priest of Jerusalem to head a delegation sent to Damascus for the purpose of exterminating the Christians there. Then too, all his life he had a freedom and ease in speaking to the great ones of this world which would argue a background of wealth and social position. For instance, some years after his conversion he went to Jerusalem; and while there he was arrested and haled before Ananias the high priest and the elders of the people. With his usual freedom, St. Paul did not wait to be questioned, but at once spoke out:

Men and brethren, I have always acted as my conscience told me in the sight of God right down to the present day.

The high priest resented this freedom, and ordered him to be struck on the mouth for his temerity. Instead of silencing the little fighter, the blow only roused him to greater freedom of speech. He cried out:

God will strike you, you whitewashed wall! Are you sitting there to judge me according to the law, and against the law commanding me to be struck?

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He had not recognized Ananias as the high priest, but had thought he was merely some presiding elder. When the scandalized bystanders exclaimed:

What? Are you daring to speak with contempt against God's high priest?

there still was self-assurance in his instant apology:

Brethren, I did not know he was the high priest; and of course it is written: Thou shalt not speak ill of him who rules thy people.

But then he went right on to hurl a kind of bombshell into the august assembly. Knowing that some of the judges before him were Sadducees, who did not believe in life after death, and others were Pharisees, who believed in it most strongly, he cried:

Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees! I stand on trial here because of my belief in the resurrection of the dead!

The ruse worked; at once "there arose a discussion" which went on to become a kind of riot, and the Roman guard present finally had to put a stop to the affair by hauling St. Paul out of the council chamber by main force, leaving the judges to fight out the issue among themselves.

Now this wealthy Jew, this "Pharisee, the son of Pharisees", who himself had once sat in judgment of Christians, became a completely different man when Jesus Christ favored him with the miracle of His call to personal friendship. Not that he ever changed his fearless temperament, or his outspoken ways, but, as he himself said later in his letter to the Ephesians:

There is nothing I do not consider as loss compared with the high privilege of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord; for Him I suffer the loss of everything, and consider it all as filth, if only I possess Christ!

The record of his apostolic life reveals the extent to which this wealthy friend of Christ was different, once he received the divine invitation to His friendship. From a respectable leader of the Jews, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," he became an outcast, an object of undying hatred to his own people. Wherever he went, in whatever towns or cities he strove to plant the seed of the Gospel, it was his own people who raised the first and fiercest opposition to him. After his trial before the high priest in Jerusalem, when the Roman guard had rescued him by force, forty Jews bound themselves by an oath that they would never eat or drink until they had accomplished his death. (One wonders here what finally did become of this oath, for St. Paul escaped them again, and it was almost ten years before he actually met his death!)

From a man of means and comfortable life, too, he became a homeless wanderer:

My lot has been toil and trouble; frequent sleepless nights; hunger and thirst, many a long fast, suffering from the cold and insufficient clothing.

as he himself said in his second Epistle to the Corinthians.

If Christ loved the wealthy Saul of Tarsus, then, and cast upon him the blazing flash of invitation to His intimate friendship, it was because He saw in him the generosity of soul that is always the object of His special love. And St. Paul the Apostle did not disapprove his Divine Lover:

Lord, what will Thou have me do?



Side Glances

By the Bystander

In the *Catholic Art Quarterly* for Michaelmas of this year, the question is asked of a number of Catholic artists whether Catholic school art departments should or should not have classes in commercial or advertising art. Among the answers can be found statements of the two extreme attitudes on the whole subject of advertising. Ed Willock, of the staff of *Integrity*, expresses one extreme as follows: "As an advertising artist, you are asked to be a liar. It is best to decline. This is much easier to do if you have not attended classes in advertising." This is an extreme, because it assumes that it is impossible for advertising to be truthful, useful and good. In its essence, advertising is merely a form of propaganda. People sometimes come to look with suspicion and to speak with scorn on all propaganda because propaganda is so often used by evil men and for bad purposes. They forget that man is a social being, and that persuasion is as natural to him as conversation. The art of persuasion or propaganda becomes good or bad, or remains indifferent, according to the object and purpose with which it is concerned and the means it uses. Advertising, even in the commercial sense, is merely a form of propaganda or persuasion. It publicizes ideas, things, movements, causes. Ed Willock publicizes ideas, and is in that sense an advertiser. It is simply not true to say that the lie is essential to advertising, even of material things.

The other extreme attitude toward advertising is represented by one Janet Elvgren, presumably an artist or art lover who writes from Chicago. Says she: "Advertising art has taken the great percentage of artists out of the realm of Bohemian eccentric, and given them a position in the world of pro-

fessional men. . . Nor do any of them feel that they have cheapened themselves or their art by commercializing on their natural talent." So far, not so bad. But she then proves how easily this sense of security can lead to the complete corruption of the advertising artist by adding that a person whom she calls Gil (her husband, we assume) has for several years been doing "calendar subjects — girls scantily dressed and strictly on the risqué side." This artist has not only cheapened himself by doing commercial art; he has actually sold himself to the devil's agents for the sake of "a position (and an income) in the world of professional men." And the worst of it is that he does not even realize what an awful bargain he has made, and his wife speaks of it as if it were a perfectly natural and moral thing to do. From this one frankly revealed example, it is easy to gather why champions of virtue like Ed Willock can come to make the mistake of condemning all commercial advertising as such. Nonetheless this is still a mistake. The proper and prudent thing to do is to hammer away at the evils that have crept into the business of advertising and to try to save artists, manufacturers and the consuming public from those evils.

Of course there are lies to be found in modern commercial advertising. The big lie, the one that Ed Willock probably had in mind, the one that is sometimes specifically stated and more often cumulatively effected in people's minds, is the lie that the end and goal of human life is material comfort, material pleasure, bodily well-being and bodily thrills. Commercial advertising need not promote this lie, but much of today's advertising does promote it. A beer manufacturer permits his advertising agent

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to say of his product: "There is nothing like it — absolutely nothing." He doesn't say that there is no beer like his, nor that there is no minor pleasure in life like drinking a glass of beer; he uses the word that philosophers reserve for characterizing the attributes and essence of God, the word "absolutely." God is the absolute truth, goodness, power and being. And this beer-maker says that there is absolutely nothing like his beer! He goes farther and urges his prospective customers "to enjoy life, every golden minute of it," presumably by drinking beer every moment of the day. This would make the end of life one long beer-haze, not to say "bender." A cigarette manufacturer centers all his advertising around the idea of the importance of pleasure. The script calls for so drooling an emphasis on pleasure that one cannot miss the suggestion that pleasure is supreme and that the cigarette advertised is the supreme source of pleasure. This is a two-faced lie. It is a lie that pleasure is the goal of human life, and a lie that there is any material thing invented by man or available to man that can satisfy all his longings and dreams. The honest, decent, advertising copyist and artist can and must refuse to promote such lies.

The second evil of modern advertising is its willingness to exploit and encourage the one instinct of man that is, all by itself, the most difficult for him to control. That is the instinct of sex. Christ said: "If any man look at a woman to lust after her, he hath already committed adultery in his heart." It seems to be the predominant aim of many advertisers to urge people to lust. The psychology they apply is this: Sex impulses are strong and universal. No matter what you are trying to sell, grateful buyers will clamor for it if you give them a sexy thought or the opportunity for a sexy desire. That is why one advertiser pictures a passionate kiss on the television screen, and then asks you directly how you can win the same, presumably from any girl or any man. Of course he answers that it is all accom-

plished through the use of his product. Another advertiser calls his product "embraceable" — just wear it and any member of the other sex will leap into your arms. Another makes a little drama out of it: first you are spurned by a desirable lass; then you shave with a certain razor or smear your hair with a certain brand of "goo," or brush your teeth with a certain paste, and lo! she melts into your arms. Others, without even a pretext of logical connexion, merely use pictures of bosomy, suggestively dressed or posed hussies to catch your eye, to titillate your sensuality, and to hypnotize you into buying what they have to sell. Surely the artist who contributes his skill to producing risqué advertising pictures, and the merchant who tries to sell his product through incentives to sensuality, are selling more than they profess to be selling. They are selling souls to the devil for the sake of financial gain, and their own souls go with the bargain.

Underlying these evils that have attached themselves to modern advertising is the basic evil of capitalism as it is practiced today. That is the principle of unlimited, dog-eat-dog, survival-of-the-fittest competition. The Popes have repeatedly pointed out how this leads to monopoly, cycles of prosperity, overproduction and depression, control of civil and political power by huge economic interests. The only remedy for this extreme form of competition, the same Popes have added, is the formation of industry councils that will replace blind competition with some intelligent planning for the welfare of all concerned. But so long as the remedy is rejected and competition and profit rule supreme, advertising will be productive of evils. The seller feels himself absolutely dependent on outselling others to remain in business. He feels that any means to that end is lawful. If sex will accomplish it, let it be sex. If exaggerations, unwarranted superlatives, false promises and claims will do it, they must be used. All

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laws must bend and break before the supreme law of the importance of selling more than one's competitors. It is obvious that it requires strong characters in both those who produce things to sell and in those who prepare the advertising that will sell them, to escape the evils that are so common.

•
If we were asked, therefore, what we thought about advertising classes in art schools, we would answer in this way: It is only in such schools that the right principles of advertising can be inculcated. It does not seem sensible to us to urge all young artists to turn their backs completely on every form of advertising art. That

would leave the field wide open for the pagan practitioners, and accomplish nothing in the way of correcting present evils and abuses. In Catholic art schools especially, the philosophy of advertising can be presented. Its essential goodness can be explained. The young artist can be trained to make no compromise with the evils to which it has given rise, and to make any sacrifice rather than employ his talents in the service of lies, sensuality and naked greed. There is good work for him to do in the advertising field, and not the least of it is to offset and replace pagan and materialistic traditions with responsible and Christian principles.

Some Real Fasting

Catholics who are inclined to complain about the laws of fast and abstinence and the self-denial the church asks us to practice during the season of Lent, would do well to reflect on the restrictions placed on Mohammedans during their penitential season. The season of "Lent" for them is during the month of July, when Mohammed is said to have received his inspiration for writing the Koran.

They take no food or drink from morning to night. When the morning is light enough to tell a black thread from a white, the fast begins. And in the evening gloom, when the threads can no longer be distinguished, the fast ends.

Since the government of Iraq is Mohammedan, the entire population, whether Moslem or not, must observe certain general rules during "Lent:"

1. No eating in public
2. All restaurants must be closed all day.
3. No radio, phonograph or music of any kind is to be played during the daytime, but as a special exception, one is allowed to listen to the Baghdad radio's reading of the Koran and news reports.
4. All public resorts must be closed down, and on three days (the 19th, 1st and 27th) there must be no public activity of any kind whatsoever.

Salesian Bulletin

How to Die in Bed

A notice posted in every room of a large midwest hotel lists the following instructions to those addicted to smoking in bed:

1. Call the office and notify the management where you wish your remains to be sent.
2. Notify guests in adjoining rooms of your intention of endangering their lives, so that they may take necessary precautions to protect themselves.
3. Go to the corridor and locate the nearest fire escape, so that if you are fortunate enough to escape from your burning room, you may reach safety.

—Springfield Catholic Mirror



Catholic Anecdotes

For God or Nothing

Father Francis Mihalic, S.V.D., writing in *The Christian Family*, describes an incident in New Guinea which reflects one little-publicized difficulty of our missionaries working among the backward peoples of the earth. This difficulty stems from the ingratitude of the natives, and must occasion many a heart-ache to the missionaries.

Father Mihalic tells how, when a neighboring priest became ill, he was summoned to take a sick call for his colleague. The sick man was a native chieftain, and lived a considerable distance away. For three hours the missionary trudged over the rain-soaked mountain trails, and finally, coated with mud, weary, and wet with perspiration, he arrived at the village of the sick man.

He was immediately offered a Kulau (a drink of fresh coconut juice), and after resting for a moment, he took care of the sick chieftain. He then spent the rest of the afternoon doctoring a few Kanakas. No food was offered him; he had to pay for his miserable supper.

Afterwards he heard about 75 confessions, and, next morning, after a night of fitful sleep on the open ground, he said Mass for the villagers, and after a few further spiritual and corporal ministrations, took his departure. No one thanked him for coming; but this did not bother him too much. He was used to having his services taken for granted. What he really found hard to take was the sequel to the story.

Two days later a three-man commit-

tee from the village of the sick chieftain came to visit him. After the initial greetings, they got down to business right away.

"How about paying what you owe?" they said.

The priest looked puzzled. "What do I owe you?" he asked.

"When you visited our village two days ago," they replied, "we gave you a drink of coconut juice. For this we must be paid."

Martyr's Gift

In 1615, as the famous missionary, Father Ogilvie, stood on the scaffold in Glasgow preparing to die for preaching the Gospel, he wished to leave the immense crowd gathered in front of him some souvenir of the faith for which he was dying. He seized the only thing he had left that was his own, his rosary, and threw it out into the crowd.

The rosary, as it happened, landed on the breast of a young Hungarian, a Calvinist, John Eckersdorff, who chanced to be in Glasgow on a pleasure trip.

The thought of this rosary was on his mind frequently during the following years. Finally the day came when he renounced his Calvinistic creed at the feet of the Holy Father. To the end of his life he always maintained that he owed his conversion to the rosary that a martyr had thrown to him just before his death.



Pointed Paragraphs

Family Day

We have a Mothers' Day and a Fathers' Day, both of them more or less secular or even commercial in their origin. Now a group of good Christian people are working to make popular a "Family Day," to be united with a religious feast and to be celebrated chiefly by family Communion.

The appropriate feastday adopted for this purpose is that of the Holy Family, celebrated on the Sunday within the Octave of the Epiphany, this year on January 7. The inspiration for proposing this as Family Day originated with a certain American family that, some 40 years ago, began once a month to receive Holy Communion as a group. Many friends and acquaintances joined them in the practice, and today many pastors are crusading to make it popular in their parishes.

The original family has launched, anonymously and at their own expense, a movement known as the Family Communion Crusade. It asks that families that are willing to join them send in their names and addresses, with the number and relationships of the persons participating, to the Family Communion Crusade, P. O. Box 615, Brooklyn, 1, New York. There are no dues, no solicitation of funds, no certificates. The names are wanted solely as a means of promoting the movement.

Even single representatives of families, living alone, may join the movement by promising to receive Communion once a month for the absent or deceased members of their family. Separated members of families may arrange to receive Communion in different

places but on the same day and as near as possible at the same time, and so carry out the purpose of the Family Communion Crusade. When possible, families should receive Communion together, the members kneeling side by side at the altar railing. However, reception of Communion by a member of the family with his society or sodality is not to be interfered with, so long as the rest of the family receive at the same Mass.

It will be a grand thing if the Feast of the Holy Family comes to be known yearly as Family Day. This can be realized if many Catholic families will actually make that day their "Family Day" this year, by receiving Holy Communion together and promising to do so once each month throughout the year.

Whistling in a Cemetery

Every now and then, at the insistence of some enterprising movie-magazine editor, a prominent actor or actress will burst into print with a philosophical article of sorts. Generally speaking, you can be sure that these throbbing commentaries on life will be filled with rich and ripe thoughts heavily overlaid with emotionalism.

We have one such article before us as we write, cut from one of the prominent movie slicks and sent to us by a correspondent. Its title is "I Was Afraid To Be Happy," and it purports to be from the pen of the celebrated actress, Joan Crawford. What Miss Crawford has to say of her chosen subject is about as clear as a fog off the Newfoundland fishing banks. But glowing dimly in the mist is a strange and perverted idea.

Let's take the obscurity first. Miss Crawford, searching for a reason why for many years she was "afraid to be happy," says it was because as a youngster she was taught not only to love God, but to fear Him; she was taught that there is a hell, where wrongdoers are punished in the next life. This thought unsettled her, and she set about getting rid of the "old ideas."

"How did I get rid of them?" she asks. "Through philosophy and religion. Religion is the cornerstone of my philosophy. . . I believe in an after-life, but not in heaven, hell or purgatory. . . I believe in immortality. . . that all good lives forever, regardless of whether we carry it around in our bodies or it lives after us."

Don't try to understand that paragraph, dear reader. Don't even try to parse the sentences. Just pause for a moment in reverent silence and pass on.

Despite the obfuscating clouds, we think we grasp what is in Miss Crawford's mind. The lady has had pretty much the best of life, from a material standpoint. She has, if memory serves, made her way through three or four successive marriages. Having had her own way throughout life, is she somewhat apprehensive of her reception on the other side?

Miss Crawford mentions in her article that every day she spends a period of time with her bible. If this is true, one wonders what her reaction is when she stumbles across the many passages in the bible which testify to the existence of hell, "where the worm does not die, and the fire is not extinguished." And those other passages which refer to those persons as being worthy of hell who leave their lawful spouses in marriage and attempt to marry another. The bible speaks of such in unvarnished language as "adulterers", and adds succinctly "No adulterer shall enter the

kingdom of heaven."

The tenor of her article would lead one to believe that Miss Crawford is aware of these things, and if so, we doubt very much if she is either happy or unafraid.

Contradictions

In the draft that is covering the country these days it is peculiar that we are hearing nothing about the separation of church and state. When a boy puts in his appearance before the neighborhood board in answer to a letter requesting him to do just that, he is not asked to state his religion, and if found to be a Catholic, disbarred from wearing the uniform of the country because he gives allegiance to a foreign government.

The young man might quite easily say: "When I was a boy going to school, I was not allowed to ride on the buses which my parents bought and maintained through the taxes they paid. The only reason given for refusing to let me ride the buses which belonged to me as well as to anybody else was the fact that I was attending the Catholic school. It did me no good to protest that I did not intend to ride the bus down the corridor of my school, that all I wanted was a just return on my parents' investment, that my being carried to school in my own bus (paid for by my parents) had nothing to do with religion. Neither did it do me any good to protest that every authority who knew what he was talking about maintained that the Catholic school which I attended was just as American and gave just as good an education in citizenship as the public school across the street. None of these protestations meant anything. I was forbidden the use of the buses. I was looked upon (and my parents too) as a second class citizen. I wasn't deserving of the privileges that automatically came to other citizens.

Well, if that was the case when I was a boy, why should it not be the case now that I am a young man? Why should you want a second class citizen to serve a country that doesn't want to admit that he is a part of the country?"

Of course, no Catholic young man is talking like that as he puts in his appearance before his draft board. His Catholic education saw to it that he would not make any such complaint.

But why are not people more logical? If a man can die for his country, why can't he ride on the buses of his country, even though they are carrying him to a Catholic school?

A New Evil in Television

Television has its evils, and not only its evils of unbecoming dress, vulgar dances and uncalled for crime stories.

The other day a little girl not more than nine years old approached her teacher in school and asked to be excused on the score that she wasn't feeling well. She wanted to go home.

The sister looked at the child and failed to notice any signs of sickness. She asked her to wait until noon. If she felt no better at that time, she could remain home during the afternoon. The little girl was not satisfied. She desired to go home right then and there, not later. Sister compromised by sending her to the principal.

The principal also suspected that sickness was not at the bottom of the child's wish to escape from school. But she prevailed on her to wait until after recess. Then the decision would be made.

During recess the girl ran around, skipped rope and demeaned herself in so vigorous a fashion as to remove all suspicion of illness from the principal's mind, who had been watching the little one from a window.

When recess was over, the court re-

sumed its session. The child still maintained that she was sick. Only after repeated efforts and various stratagems was the truth drawn from her that she wished to go home in order to see a television program that was to come on at eleven o'clock.

Thus, a dozen lies were told, and school was to be missed, only that a television show might be seen. Television cannot be blamed entirely for this tragedy. But it does point up the danger of television. Parents should be aware of it.

A Minute A Day

One minute a day devoted to prayers for peace does not add up to very much. It is, however, a beginning, and we therefore commend highly the crusade organized by Mr. Herve J. L'Heureux, who occupies a position of some prominence in the Department of State.

The plan urges that spiritual, civic and business leaders in the United States, as well as all organizations, adopt and support the custom, to be followed by all citizens, of pausing for one moment at 12 o'clock noon each day, and raising the heart and mind toward God, asking Him "to help us adjust our international differences to enable the nations of the world to secure an equitable and lasting peace."

One minute a day, as we have said, is not very much. But there are millions of people in our country who have lost the habit of prayer altogether. They form the vast army of "unchurched", and many of them through no fault of their own have been deprived of their birthright of faith in God, having been raised as children in a totally irreligious atmosphere. For them this one minute of prayer a day may be the door through which the light of truth can begin to stream into their lives.

There are many others who pray in

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a very haphazard fashion, perhaps only on Sunday when they attend church. Now a necessary quality of prayer is that it must be continual and persevering. Perhaps for them one minute of prayer a day, regularly and faithfully practiced, may gradually enkindle a genuine fire of devotion.

For Catholics, of course, one minute of prayer a day represents only a minuscule part of their duty. Regular and frequent prayers are an essential part of the Catholic way of life, and Catholics who refuse to pray as they should in the end too often forfeit the gift of faith which is theirs.

Snobbery

In a certain city of the United States below the Mason and Dixon line, where a proposed marriage between a colored person and a white person might be expected to cause sadness and even indignation, the following incident took place.

A woman and her family moved into a new parish. She was consumed with grief all during the process of moving. She could hardly wait to call upon her pastor whom she had never met before and whose name she did not know, in order to receive consolation from him in the catastrophe that had befallen her. The pastor's name was Father DiMaggio (no relative of the baseball players but of the same inherited nationality).

The woman rang the bell of the rec-

tory. The housekeeper answered it. In a moment the new parishioner was in the presence of the priest.

"Oh Father," she cried, not waiting to introduce herself and making no attempt to dry the tears that were flowing down her cheeks, "A terrible thing has happened. I am almost beside myself with grief. Just think! My daughter has married an Italian!"

Father DiMaggio (who was light in complexion) did not blink an eye. Like a flash he answered, "That's alright, my good woman. My sister married an Irishman and my brother married a German."

The woman was out of the house and on her way down the street before the knowledge came to her of the priest's ancestral nationality. To her credit be it said she felt embarrassed.

The Key

Cardinal Manning used to say that he hardly knew in what words the subject of religion could be better condensed than in those of the celebrated quotation from Donoso Cortez:

"The history of Christianity is the history of the Christian church; the history of the Christian church is the history of the Pontiffs, for they have been the creators, the legislators and the sustainers of the Christian world."

Perhaps the future will record how true is this saying even of the Popes in our modern, godless world.

Epitaph Department

Erected by friends

as a memorial of their esteem for

John Pounds

who, while earning his livelihood by mending shoes
gratuitously educated and in part clothed and fed
some hundreds of poor children

Died June 1st, 1839

Portsmouth, England



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

THE LAST THINGS

9. *The State of the Blessed After the Last Judgment:*

When we refer to the happiness, or beatitude, of the blessed in heaven, we do not mean that natural happiness which can be acquired by our natural powers and consists in the possession of created goods. For not all these goods together can fully satisfy our heart. Here we are treating of the supernatural beatitude which can be acquired only with the help of grace and consists in the possession of God, the supreme Good, Who alone can make us perfectly happy. Nor are we speaking of that beatitude which the soul enjoys even on this earth. This beatitude, which is surely inferior to that of heaven, consists in the act of loving God. For it is by love that one possesses God more perfectly than by the act of any other virtue, according to the words of St. John: "He who abides in love, abides in God, and God in him." (1 J. 4|16)

Though all agree that, for perfect happiness, both the vision and love of God are necessary, theologians dispute as to what makes up the essential happiness of the elect. Some maintain that it consists in the act of vision of God, others that it is to be found in the act of loving God, while still others say that it consists in both acts together. I do not presume to settle this very speculative question, but merely say that to be in possession of complete happiness, one must necessarily both see and love God. Let us now treat of both the beatific vision and the beatific love.

The principal object which the Blessed see in heaven is God, Who can-

not be seen by the eyes of the body, as St. Paul says: "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see." (1 Tim. 6|16). The reason for this is that God is a pure spirit, and a spiritual object cannot be perceived by a corporeal faculty. It is, moreover, certain that by his natural powers alone, man is not capable of seeing God as He is in Himself. To see God he has need of that supernatural help, described by theologians as the *lumen gloriae*, the light of glory. David writes of it in his psalms: "In thy light we shall see the light." (Ps. 35|10) St. Thomas, arguing in the same manner, says that the human spirit of itself is incapable of seeing the divine essence. Hence God Himself, by His supernatural assistance, must render him capable of seeing a majesty so sublime.

What, then, is this *light of glory*? It is certainly not the vision itself of God, but rather a divine help, which is supplied to the powers of created nature, and elevates the spirit to the vision of God. It must be remembered, too, that the beatific vision which is enjoyed by the Blessed is not an obscure thing, but clear and distinct, for they see God as He is in Himself. St. John attests to this in his first epistle: "We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is." (1 J. 3|2). It is, nevertheless, true, and this is the common opinion of theologians, that despite the light of glory, the Blessed cannot comprehend and see God entirely and totally. For the light of glory is a created and finite thing, while God is uncreated and infinite. As St. Isidore writes: "Only the

Trinity is completely known to Itself."

The principal object, then, of the beatific vision is God Himself, that is, the divine essence with all its attributes. But it must be remembered that all the Blessed do not see God in an equal manner, as Luther blasphemously contended in one of his writings. This heretic maintained that since all men are equal to the Blessed Virgin in sanctity and merits, they are, as a consequence, equal to her in merits. This error, however, has been rejected by all the Fathers of the Church, and is also contrary to many texts of Sacred Scripture. At the Last Supper Our Lord remarked to His disciples: "In My Father's house there are many mansions" (J. 14|2): and from the whole context of this passage it is evident that Jesus Christ is speaking of the thrones of the Blessed. In his epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul writes in the same vein: "For star differeth from star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." The reason for this is that since merits are unequal, rewards also should be unequal. This is indicated in another passage of Sacred Scripture: "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." (1 Cor. 3|8). Moreover, in response to Luther, the Council of Trent teaches that while the good works of the justified man are gifts of God, they are also the merits of man. And since the merits of man are not equal, glory is not given to each in an equal degree. Hence the beatific vision is more or less perfect according to the merits of each individual.

Nor can it be objected that this inequality of glory will induce envy among the Blessed, upon beholding others elevated to a higher degree of Glory. For each of the Blessed is fully satisfied with the degree of beatitude which he possesses, and does not desire a fuller happiness. If others possess a

happiness superior to his, he rejoices in it, at the same time remaining completely satisfied with his own happiness. For this reason the Blessed are called *full vessels*, that is, full of the glory that has been reserved for them.

Other objects of the beatific vision, which the Blessed will see in God and in His Word, are creatures themselves. They shall behold, for instance, all the mysteries of faith, which, while they are known infallibly by faith in this life, are, nevertheless, obscure to our understanding. St. Paul, in his second letter to the Corinthians, describes this knowledge of faith as a veil before our eyes, which shall be removed in the beatific vision: "But we all behold the glory of the Lord with open face, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. 3|18). In heaven the Blessed shall see these mysteries of faith in another light, more clearly and more distinctly.

In this vision of the divine essence, the Blessed shall also perceive all that refers to their own state in heaven. As the Council of Paris explains, the mirror of the divinity will be open to them, and there they shall see all that is of interest to them and contributes to their perfect happiness. They shall also perceive the glory granted to their fellow-citizens of heaven. And St. Augustine contends that they shall even see one another's thoughts. On earth these thoughts are known only to God, but in heaven there will be no reason for concealment, for there none shall be a stranger to another.

The Blessed also see existing creatures and the causes of natural things, along with their composition, their capabilities and their properties. These they perceive, as Saint Augustine remarks, in the Word, in Whom they find the eternal reasons for all things. They also know

our prayers, for as St. John says, they offer our prayers to God along with their own supplications: "Having every one of them golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." (Apoc. 5|8). Other events of earth are also known to them, such as, for instance, the conversion of sinners; for Christ Himself has said: "There shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner who does penance, than over ninety-nine who need not penance." (Luke 15|7).

This knowledge of the Blessed is beautifully described by St. Paul in the following passage of his first epistle to the Corinthians: "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away the things of a child. We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part: but then I shall know even as I am known."

Saint Thomas says that it is also given to the Blessed to behold the pains of the damned, for this vision increases their own happiness. For the miseries of the damned make them better appreciate their own beatitude and serve

to stimulate them to thank God with more fervor for having delivered themselves from such torment. Other Fathers of the Church speak in the same manner, St. Gregory, for instance, remarking that the happiness of the Blessed is not diminished by this vision of the punishments of the damned, but is rather increased, for they behold themselves delivered from these torments as a result of the divine mercy.

It might be asked that since the Blessed are full of charity, how can they help but be moved to compassion and sorrow at beholding these poor souls condemned eternally to such horrible torments? St. Gregory answers that while it is true that the Blessed are naturally compassionate, they are, at the same time, completely united to God and to His divine will. Hence, they cannot compassionate with the impious who actually and obstinately hate their beloved Lord. They, therefore, not only have no compassion for the damned, but they actually rejoice in their punishment as an execution of the order of divine justice.

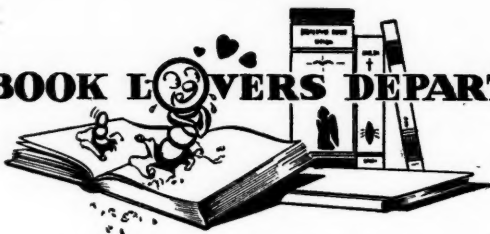
As to their vision of possible and future events, we can only speculate, and say that the Blessed do in fact perceive them, but only in so far as God wills to reveal such things to them.

On Bells

"You must know that bells, by the sound of which the people assemble together to the church to hear, and the Clergy to preach, in the morning the mercy of God, and His power by night, do signify the silver trumpets, by which under the Old Law the people was called together unto sacrifice. For just as watchmen in a camp rouse one another by trumpets, so do the Ministers of the Church excite each other by the sound of bells to watch the livelong night against the plots of the Devil. Wherefore our brazen bells are more sonorous than the trumpets of the Old Law, because then God was known in Judea only, but now in the whole earth. They be also more durable: for they signify that the teaching of the New Testament will be more lasting than the trumpets and sacrifices of the Old Law, namely, even to the end of the world."

Bishop Durandus, thirteenth century.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

ETHEL COOK ELIOT—1891-

Catholic Novelist

I. Life:

Ethel Cook was born in North Gage, New York, the fourth of six children of a Congregational minister. Her high school education was received in the public school of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. After graduation Miss Cook worked on the editorial staff of McClure's publications in New York. In 1915 she married Samuel Atkins Eliot, Jr., the son of the President of the Unitarian Association and the grandson of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. Two sons and a daughter have blessed their marriage. Mrs. Eliot entered the Catholic Church in 1925, but has not published an explanation of the steps that led her to the Church. Since 1918 she and her husband have lived at Northampton, Massachusetts, where Mr. Eliot is professor of drama at Smith College. Mrs. Eliot is a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors.

II. Books:

Mrs. Eliot's interest in writing dates back to her school days when she filled her composition books with tales of fairies and knights in white armor. The personal contacts with authors in her editorial work convinced her that her career was to be that of a writer.

There are three different periods in Mrs. Eliot's writing. Her first books were fairy tales for the young reader. The best known work, *The Wind Boy*, still brings enthusiastic fan mail, twenty-eight years after its

first publication. In the second stage Mrs. Eliot graduated to "junior" books for the high school group, and *The Vanishing Comrade* is the most popular of these works. It was only six years after her conversion that Mrs. Eliot began to write Catholic novels for the mature reader. The inner Catholic life is deftly woven into the tale, and not merely a "*deus ex machina*" device that is externally added to give the Catholic flavor to the novel. *Her Soul To Keep* is a powerful story of a Catholic woman in a suburban intelligentsia atmosphere. *Green Doors* is an adult Catholic novel of modern American life.

III. The Book:

In 1936, Ethel Cook Eliot published one of her best books, *Angel's Mirth*. In a typical broad-minded American situation a husband agrees to give his wife a divorce so that she can marry the man she "loves." In a very magnanimous gesture, the ex-husband-to-be suggests that the young daughter of the new-husband-to-be spend the summer with his family so that she can grow accustomed to her new family. The plot revolves around the influence of the two convert children upon their mother and the young girl. Irna Sands, the daughter, is one of the fine characters of modern Catholic fiction. *Angel's Mirth* is not a piously saccharine story, but a well written narrative of the fullness of the Catholic life and the futile emptiness of modern pagan living.

JANUARY BOOK REVIEWS

The Displaced Persons

Pilgrims of the Night. By Rt. Rev. Edward E. Swanstrom. 114 pp. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.

Monsignor Swanstrom, the executive director of the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, gives an eyewitness account of twelve million *Pilgrims of the Night* who were expelled from their countries after the war. These men, women and children were ejected from their homes with only a few belongings and thrown into a dismembered and despoiled Germany. The victorious Allies acted on the pagan mass-guilt principle and inflicted this great injustice on the innocent. This act of the peace settlements brought social and economic chaos to Germany. Some idea of the problem can be gained from the fact that one out of every four persons in Germany today is a displaced person, without proper housing, food and labor. After a general picture of this gigantic "Operation Swallow," Monsignor Swanstrom shows the effects of this move in the lives of men, women and children. The plight of the "Wandering Church," people, priests, bishops, without churches and schools, is beyond description. Women are afraid to bring another child into the world to share the tragedy of the parents, but even in this point the faith and courage of the Catholics is overcoming the problem. The dispersed people addressed this appeal to the Bishop of the Wandering Church: "If you cannot help us, won't you send us priests; won't you send Christ to us, here in our wilderness."

The author presents a factual and touching picture of the terrible fate of these people, and their condition is laid at the feet of the victorious allies who were not great enough to win the peace. As the author points out, the greatest test of love is the treatment one affords one's enemies. The gifts of the Americans are doing a great

déal to assist these abandoned persons, but so much more needs to be done. The reading of *Pilgrims of the Night* will make American Catholics more grateful for their peaceful Catholic life, and more generous in their assistance, both spiritual and temporal, to these twelve million souls.

For Religious Superiors

Guidance of Religious. By Rev. Ignaz Watterott, O. M. I. Translated by Rev. A. Simon, O. M. I. 426 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$5.00.

Father Watterott, an experienced retreat-master and former superior, is the author of this practical book for the use of religious superiors. The fundamentals of the spiritual and religious life are presented from the viewpoint of the superior's obligation to assist the religious to grow in the holiness of Christ. The possible mistakes and failures in duty that could enter the life of a superior are stressed by the author, and those who read it cannot help but be impressed by the humility and confidence in God that must characterize their rule. *Guidance for Religious* can be read with great profit by all religious because the counsels are applicable to all religious life. Superiors will draw great benefit from repeated reference to this book.

The Eucharist

The Breaking of Bread. By John Coventry, S. J. With Photographs by Rev. John Gillick, S. J. 192 pp. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$3.00.

The Eucharist and Christian Life. By Most Rev. Aloysius J. Willinger, C.S.S.R. 216 pp. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. \$2.00.

Interest in the liturgical revival has produced many fine books that explain the richness of the liturgy to the laity. *The Breaking of Bread* is an excellent study of the history and meaning of the Mass. Full page photographs give close-up pictures of various parts of the Mass that the people

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cannot see from their places in the pews. The text is clear and detailed and the photographs are artistically excellent.

The Eucharist and Christian Life is an adaptation of an earlier work of the late Cardinal Goma, the Primate of Spain and Archbishop of Toledo. Bishop C. Willinger bases his whole work on the supernatural life of sanctifying grace which is the fundamental basis of sanctification. The book makes the theology of the Eucharist understandable to the average Catholic and will intensify his appreciation of the role of the Sacramental Christ in his daily life.

Mother of Perpetual Help in the War

Star of the Sea Over Crete. By Rev. W. Frean, C.S.S.R. 125 pp. Pennant Hills, N.S.W.: Majellan Press. (paper cover)

This little book contains the war memoirs of an Australian Chaplain who served in the Crete and Greece campaigns. When Father Frean landed in Crete he brought with him a picture of the Mother of Perpetual Help to the Island from which the picture had originally come. The first part of the book describes the favors that Our Lady obtained for the chaplain and his boys in the midst of fierce combat. The second half of the book tells the story of the picture and its message to all the children of Mary. Lovers of this miraculous picture will find their devotion increased by this

modern tale of new marvels worked through her intercession.

Meditations for the Laity

A Thought a Day. By a Priest of the Society of St. Paul. 365 pp. New York: Society of St. Paul. \$2.25.

A priest of the new Society of St. Paul has compiled some brief reflections for the lay Catholic. These have been borrowed from the work of Rev. Methodius F. Cikrit, S.J., *The Catholic Digest* and *The Liguorian*. The volume furnishes thoughts about God, the soul, one's fellowman, the present as well as the future life. The reflections are short and inspirational. One criticism is that in several places the text is far from idiomatic English.

A Novel

The Laughter of Niobe. By Charlotte M. Kelly. 239pp. Notre Dame; Ave Maria Press. \$2.50.

Charlotte M. Kelly, a young Irish writer, has finished her second novel. It is the story of an English family and the odd situation that results in the family relationship after the mother kills the favorite child in an automobile accident. Only gradually does she resume her rightful place in the family life. This is a simple and interesting tale, without any pretensions to psychological depth of presentation. Readers will be pleased by the narrative.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Bruce Publishing Co.: *Teen.* (A book for parents) By Charles E. Leahy, S. J.; *Angel Food for Jack and Jill.* By Rev. Gerald T. Brennan; *Born Again.* By Dorothy Fremont Grant; *Star Spangled Stories.* By Mary and William Lamers; *Ex-Cub Filzie.* By Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J. The Grail: *Our Lady's Tinker* (William Joseph Chaminade). By Marie Chaminade; *Spiritual Direction.* By Rev. Pascal P. Parente, S.T.D., Ph.D., J.C.B.; *Why the Family Rosary?* By Edwin Ronan, C.P.

Fathers of the Church: *St. Basil's Ascetical Works.* Translated by Sister M. Monica Wagner, C.S.C. B. Herder Book Co.: *Sermon Matter from St. Thomas Aquinas on the Epistles and Gospels.* By Very Rev. C. J. Callan, O.P. Sheed and Ward: *The Gospel in Slow Motion.* By Ronald Knox. *Vocation to Love.* By Dorothy Dohen. Vista Maria Press: *Odes for Music.* By Edward Francis Garesche, S.J. Sorrowful Mother Press: *Into Each Life.* By C. M. Brissente, O.S.M.

The Liguorian

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University
of Scranton, Scranton, Pa.

I. Suitable for all readers:

House of Sands — *Bonn*
Saint Maria Goretti — *Buehrle*
Why War Came to Korea — *Oliver*
Reunion in Chattanooga — *Crabb*
Mission to the Poorest — *Loew*
The Mary Book — *Sheed*
The Cost of a Best Seller — *Keyes*
St. Patrick's Summer — *Hunt*
Owen Glen — *Williams*
The Little World of Dom Camillo —
Guareschi
The Story of Ernie Pyle — *Miller*
Belles on Their Toes — *Gilbreth*
Martin Butterfield — *Burgan*
Murder Takes the Veil — *Hubbard*
The Story of Stanley Steamer —
Woodbury
The Home Place — *Gipson*
Don't Shoot the Bill Collector —
Hatch
The Best Science Fiction Stories:
1950 — *Bleiler*
Men Against the Stars — *Greenberg*
Ralph 124c41+ — *Gernsback*
Little Britches — *Moody*
Son of a Hundred Kings — *Costain*
The Vatican and Its Role in World
Affairs — *Pichon*
Helena — *Waugh*
Presidents Who Have Known Me —
Allen
My Neck of the Woods — *Rich*
The Edge of Time — *Erdman*
The Innocents from Indiana — *Kim-
brough*

II: Not suitable for adolescents,

A. Because style and contents are too
advanced:
Truman, Stalin and Peace — *Carr*
Springtime in Paris — *Paul*
Ill Met By Moonlight — *Moss*
Professor Fodorski — *Taylor*
The World's Best — *Burnett*

Shadows of Ecstasy — *Williams*
The Dry Season — *Wickenden*
Collected Stories — *Faulkner*
The Saint — *Unruh*
The Spanish Gardener — *Cronin*
The Legacy — *Shute*
The Legacy of Gabriel Martel —
Newinson
The Year of the Oath — *Stewart*
Lift Up Your Heart — *Sheen*
Ella Gunning — *Deasy*

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however invalidate the book as a whole:

The Adventurer — *Waltari*
Champion Road — *Tilsley*
A Fearful Joy — *Cary*
Bennett's Welcome — *Fletcher*
World Enough and Time — *Warren*
Jubilee Trail — *Bristow*
Across the River and into the Trees
— *Hemingway*
Torch for a Dark Journey — *Shapiro*
Diamond Wedding — *Steele*

III. Not recommended to any reader:

Episode in Palmetto — *Caldwell*
Daughter of Strangers — *Coker*
The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone —
Williams
Ordeal by Slander — *Lattimore*
Dianetics — *Hubbard*
Trajectory and Other Poems — *Smith*
The Trouble of One House — *Gill*
Psychoanalysis and Religion —
Fromm
Pascal's Pensees — *Stewart*
Floodtide — *Yerby*
The Disenchanted — *Schulberg*
The Wisdom of the Sands —
de Saint-Exupery
Louisville Saturday — *Long*
Dark Green, Bright Red — *Vidal*
So Great a Queen — *Frischauer*
Purple Passage — *Hahn*



Lucid Intervals

The *Holy Name Journal*, quoting the Boston *Holy Name Newsletter*, tells the story of a drive that was put on in one mid-western branch of the famous men's organization to re-ignite the interest of delinquent members. The plan was to contact these delinquents in various ways, culminating in a personal visit.

A Holy Name man who happened to be a policeman was delegated to call on a certain individual on Saturday afternoon to remind him of the monthly Holy Communion which was to take place on the following day. The policeman decided to make the call on his way home from work, still dressed in his uniform as a representative of the law.

When the target of this campaign looked out his window and saw the policeman standing at the door, he said to his wife:

"Holy Smoke! They sent me a card. They called me on the telephone. And now they've sent the cops after me!"

Two of three girls who had grown up together married, and thereafter they continually annoyed their spinster friend with tactless remarks about her unhappy condition.

She laughed off their comments good-naturedly until one day they went a bit too far.

"Now tell us truthfully," they twitted her, "have you ever really had a chance to marry?"

With a withering glance, she retorted, "Suppose you ask your husbands."

New Stenog: "How do you spell 'graphic'—with one 'f' or two?"

Boss: "Well, if you're going to use any, you might as well go the limit."

A group of executioners who were killing time were bragging to each other.

First Executioner: Is that so? Well last week I cut off more heads than you'll cut off in your whole life.

Second Executioner: Listen, bud, I've brought that old slicer down on the crowned heads of five countries.

Third Executioner: Come, come boys, let's not talk chop.

"I don't want my face washed," cried small Jane.

"Oh, come now," grandmother coaxed, "I've washed my face three times a day since I was a little girl like you."

Jane: (looking at the wrinkles) "Yes, and just see how it shrunk."

One of those superintelligent college seniors entered the dean's office, coughed to attract the dean's attention, and said:

"Sir, I am gratified to announce that your daughter has accepted my proposal of marriage. However, since marriage is such an important step, I wish to proceed with caution. Ah, er, may I ask, sir, is there any insanity in your family?"

The dean regarded the young man a moment in grave silence, then replied quietly: "Yes, yes, I'm sure there *must* be."

A movie director was giving his final instructions for the filming of a jungle scene. Addressing the male lead, he said: "You tear through the jungle as if you were running for your life. This tiger here," and the director pointed toward a cage on the set, "will pursue you for exactly 300 feet. No more. Do you get that?"

"I do," nodded the actor dubiously, "but does the tiger?"

ALTAR BOYS' MANUAL

The latest publication of The Liguorian Pamphlet Office is another "How" pamphlet, this time "How to Be a Good Altar Boy". It contains all the Latin responses that the altar boy must learn by heart, the ordinary rubrics to be followed when serving Mass, some devotional prayers for before and after Mass, and practical "do's" and "don'ts" for every altar boy to observe.

The new pamphlet of 32 pages sells for 10 cents, with the usual discounts for quantities of ten or more. It will make a good Christmas remembrance for all altar boys; will make it possible for mothers or fathers to help their own boys to learn to serve Mass well; and may even be used by adults who sometimes have the opportunity of serving Mass.

For single copies or quantities less than ten, cash or stamps should be sent with the order, at 10 cents a copy, postage included in that price.

To THE LIGUORIAN PAMPHLET OFFICE Liguori, Missouri

Please send me copies of "How to Be a Good Altar Boy".

Name

Street and No.

City Zone State

Cash enclosed ☐

Bill me ☐

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE Reviewed This Issue

MOVIES

Casino to Korea
Double Crossbones
Hot Rod
Kangaroo Kid
Last of the Buccaneers
Rocky Mountain
Two Flags West
Two Weeks With Love
Outcast of Black Mesa
Abbot and Costello in the Foreign Legion
Across the Badlands
Ambush
Arizona Cowboy, The
Arizona Territory
Beyond the Purple Hills
Broken Arrow
Covered Wagon Raid
David Harding, Counterspy
Destination Moon
Don Quixote del a Mancha (Spanish)
Fancy Pants
Farewell to Yesterday
Fifty Years Before Your Eyes
Fireball, The
Frisco Tornado
Guilty of Treason
Happy Years
Hidden City, The
High Lonesome
Holy Year at the Vatican, The
Holy Year, 1950
I Killed Geronimo
I'll Get By
Indian Territory
King Solomon's Mines
Louisa
Milkman, The
Mister 880
Next Voice You Hear, The
Peggy
Redwood Forest Trail
Return of Jesse James, The
Right Cross
Rio Grande Patrol
Rocketship X-M
Roll, Thunder, Roll
Saddle Tramp

Silver Raiders
Snow Dog
Stars in My Crown
State Secret
Streets of Ghost Town
Summer Stock
Texas Dynamo
Three Little Words
Timber Fury
Toast of New Orleans
Treasure Island
Trigger, Jr.
Trouble Makers
Vatican, The
Vigilante Hideout
When You're Smiling
White Tower
Wyoming Mail

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS Reviewed This Issue

Harvey
Jackpot, The
Mad Queen, The (Spanish)
Paper Gallows
Train to Tombstone
Tripoli
Walk Softly, Stranger

Previously Reviewed

Avengers, The
Beauty on Parade
Between Midnight and Dawn
Beware of Blondie
Black Book (formerly Reign of Terror)
Black Rose, The
Bunco Squad
Chain Gang
Chain Lightning
City Lights (re-release)
Copper Canyon
Crisis
Deported
Desert Hawk, The
Dial 1119
Elge of Doom
Ellen
Eye Witness
Father Makes Good
Federal Man
Flame and the Arrow, The
Frightened City
Fuller Brush Girl, The

Glass Menagerie, The
Hamlet
Hijacked
If This Be Sin
Lady Without Passport, A
Let's Dance
Lonely Hearts Bandits
Lucky Losers
Madness of the Heart
Men, The
Motor Patrol
Mr. Music
Old Frontier, The
On the Isle of Samoa
Once a Thief
Our Very Own
Parole, The
Piccadilly Incident (British)
Pretty Baby
Prisoners in Petticoats
Roughshod
Salt to the Devil (formerly Give us This Day)
Sampson and Delilah
Sands of Iwo Jima
Searf, The
711 Ocean Drive
Shakedown
So Long at the Fair
Sound of Fury
State Penitentiary
Stella
Street of Shadows (French)
Sunset Boulevard
Sun Sets at Dawn, The
Tarnished
Tea for Two
They Live by Night (formerly Twisted Road, The)
Third Man, The
This Side of the Law
Tight Little Island
To Please a Lady
Trial Without Jury
Trio
Triple Trouble
Union Station
Walls of Malapaga (Italian-French)
Where Danger Lives
Where the Sidewalk Ends
Winchester '73
Woman on Pier 13, The
Woman on the Run